

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

No. 814, New Series.

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## LITERATURE.

*Lochrine*: a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus.)

OLD Geoffrey of Monmouth did an ill service to English literature when he startled the twelfth century with his tale of the conquest of Britain by Brutus the Trojan, putting forth as veritable history a fiction which had not even the merit of high poetical capabilities to excuse it. "The Poets' Poet" fails to enchant with it in the second book of his *Faerie Queen*. The "sacred feet" of Milton "lingered there," as Mr. Swinburne says, but eventually passed on; and who can doubt that it was a happy impulse which diverted his poetic fancy from ancient legendary Britain to the recorded beginnings of all humanity? The fact is that poets cannot always find nutriment in the food which chroniclers supply; and it would be well if the desperate attempt to link our English beginnings with "the tale of Troy divine" failed to attract them to fields where fancy has little room for its higher flights.

If the story of Lochrine, son of Brutus, were potentially a great poem, Mr. Swinburne could not fail to make a great poem of it. He has not done so, and the choice of subject is the cause. He has told us in the graceful stanzas of dedication to his sister which introduce the drama how the case stands with the material which he has chosen; and, were it not that introductions are usually written after what they introduce, one is led to wonder why he proceeded to his task. Nevertheless, although the poet knows that "these wan legends" have no part in the sun whose glory lightens Greece and gleams on Rome" he has not been deterred from giving us the drama of "*Lochrine*," attempting what smaller men would have left alone. He has even enwrap it in the atmosphere, if not in the sunlight, of Greece; and has put forth a tragedy in Attic shape in many ways, though, as will presently be shown, devoid of much that serves to relieve the austerity of Attic drama.

The story of Lochrine, which may be read either in canto x. of book ii. of the *Faerie Queen*, or in Milton's *History of Britain to the Conquest*, may be briefly told here. Lochrine, Albanact, and Camber are the three sons of King Brutus, of whom Lochrine, as the eldest, rules Loegria—i.e., England, except Cornwall; Albanact has Scotland, and Camber, Wales, for his portion. On the occasion of an irruption of fierce strangers, who land on the Humber bank (probably historically true), Albanact is killed in a battle where Lochrine is victorious. Estrild or Estrildis, a German princess forcibly carried off by the invader

from her own land, is found by the conqueror in the camp of the enemy, after the fight is over; and, though he is previously affianced to Guendolen, daughter of Corineus, the giantkilling king of Cornwall, and eventually marries her, Lochrine makes Estrild his paramour and by her has a daughter, the Sabrina of Milton's "*Comus*." When Guendolen discovers the relations between Estrildis and Lochrine she levies war against her husband, with the help of their son Madan, and Lochrine is mortally wounded in battle.

Mr. Swinburne has varied some of the details of this legend; but is there any obligation to abide by the original statement of a pure fiction? The tragedy is written in five acts, each of which consists of two scenes. There are only seven speaking characters in the *dramatis personae*; and of these never more than three are present at a time, which suggests the limitations of Attic tragedy, rendered necessary by the small number of actors employed. The jealousy of the injured wife supplies the keynote to the drama, which contains much upbraiding and recrimination, undergone not only by the unfaithful husband, Lochrine, but also by the contemptible Camber, king of Wales, his brother, but no friend to him. Indeed, it may safely be said that the chief defect of the poem is that there is too much railing in it, and too little dignity of tone in some of the leading characters. It has been said above that "*Lochrine*" is in many ways a tragedy in Attic shape; but it lacks the choral interludes which throw their glamour of loveliness around "*Atalanta in Calydon*," and there is no herald with his *rhetoric* to compensate in a passage of vivid description for the absence of the stir of action on the stage. As a result, one is reminded somewhat of Racine rather than of Sophocles, despite the Procrustean *stichomuthia* which Mr. Swinburne, along with Milton, admires. At the risk of seeming to play with words we must, therefore, call "*Lochrine*" a bloodless tragedy, which certainly serves to show this, if nothing else—how wide is the range of the poet who has written *Songs before Sunrise* and the present drama.

Mr. Swinburne's rich vocabulary, which to our mind serves him in ill stead where it is employed in scenes of an angry nature, enables him to enchant us whenever love is to the fore. Anyone reading the plot of "*Lochrine*" might safely anticipate that the best scenes would be those where the cause of the lawful wife's jealousy, Estrild, appears, especially as with her is her daughter and Lochrine's, Sabrina, for our poet has studied childhood deeply, or else has an instinctive sympathy with child-nature. Had Estrild and Sabrina filled the stage during the main scenes of the drama, and had Camber and Madan been kept more in the background, the result would have been a poem of far greater beauty.

In justification of the contrast drawn between the more turbulent scenes and those where Estrild and Sabrina are present, two quotations may be given for the reader to choose—not which is the pleasanter reading, for it is not the special business of tragedy to be pleasant—but which consists best with his ideal of the dignity and artistic excellence of a great drama. Here is the

one quotation, in a speech of Madan to Camber:

"Let the loud fierce knaves thy brethren  
quelled  
Ward off the wolves whose hides should line thy  
throne,  
Wert thou no coward, no recreant to the bone,  
No liar in spirit, and soul, and heartless heart,  
No slave, no traitor—nought of all thou art.  
A thing like thee, made big with braggart breath,  
Whose tongue shoots fire, whose promise poisons  
trust,  
Would cast a shieldless soldier forth to death  
And wreck three realms to sate his rancorous lust  
With ruin of them who have weighed and found  
him dust.  
Get thee to Wales; there strut in speech and  
swell;  
And thence, betimes, God speed thee safe to hell."  
And here the other, in a scene between  
Estrild and Sabrina:

"ESTRILD.

"Dost thou understand,  
Child, what the birds are singing?"

"SABRINA.

"All the land  
Knows that: the water tells it to the rushes  
Aloud, and lower and softer to the sand:  
The flower-fays, lip to lip and hand in hand,  
Laugh and repeat it all till darkness hushes  
Their singing with a word that falls and crushes  
All song to silence down the river-strand  
And where the hawthorns hearken for the  
thrushes.

And all the secret sense is sweet and wise  
That sings through all their singing, and replies  
When we would know if heaven be gay or grey,  
And would not open all too soon our eyes  
To look, perchance, on no such happy skies  
As sleep brings close and waking blows away."

Unfortunately, though there are other passages in "*Lochrine*" like this, or nearly as beautiful, there are several like that, in which Mr. Swinburne seems to forget for a while that strong language does not make strong situations. Indeed, the absence of "situations," in the stage sense, is so marked that it is difficult to imagine an audience sitting out "*Lochrine*," though a student may find much delight in reading it. The confronting of leading characters with each other in two instances, where much could be made of their meeting, seems to be carefully avoided. Guendolen, the lawful wife, never stands face to face with Estrild, the paramour; nor does Camber, the intriguing inferior brother, meet Lochrine, who, with all his faults, is morally his master, and could be made to show it in telling fashion by Mr. Swinburne in an interview between the two. Lochrine is a well-drawn personality, and an uncommon one, admirably summed up by his wife at the end of the drama: "Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not mine"; and these last four words supply the explanation of the whole tragedy.

It has been already hinted that the character of Estrild has not been developed with any minuteness in "*Lochrine*," and this seems to be an instance of the self-restraint which Mr. Swinburne exhibits throughout the poem. It certainly would be far more congenial to him, one would think, to dwell more fully on her and her child, instead of on the angry Guendolen, the mean and miserable Camber, and the disagreeable Madan, of whom we are not surprised to read in Spenser that eventually he

"raigned, unworthie of his race,  
For with all shame that sacred throne he filld."  
More unpromising material than these three

characters supply it would be difficult for any dramatist to choose, and the wonder is ever-recurrent: Why was such a subject chosen? or, if chosen, why was it treated with such rigour of form and severe simplicity of plot? It is true that the rhymes are managed with a rich variety, which savours of romantic origin, of which more anon, and in a way which is only possible to a consummate master of word-music, such as Mr. Swinburne is; but the resultant impression is one of contrast rather than of harmony between the matter and the manner of the poem.

The present reviewer is old-fashioned enough to think that blank verse, as employed in "Hamlet," in "Samson Agonistes," and in "Atalanta," is the one ideally excellent form for tragedy; and on that ground, among others, he sets "Lochrine" below "Atalanta." The first act of "Lochrine" commences with rhymed heroics, the metre of Dryden's choice; and very well is the rhyme managed; that is, it is made as unobtrusive as possible—brought in to be put out of the way. The second scene, however, is written in 210 lines, this total being a multiple of 14—the correct sonnet number; and, indeed, it is, metrically, nothing else than fifteen sonnets, on the true or Italian model, running on, without break at the end of each, and divided into two rhyme-linked quatrains and two tercets apiece (we believe that Mr. Swinburne could, without effort, have written it in sestinas—a far more difficult mode—but doubt whether the effect would have been so good as could be produced by the simplest metrical schemes known). Various systems of rhyme, which it would weary the reader for us to analyse here, prevail in subsequent scenes, and then again in act v., scene i., we have ninety-eight lines, or seven sonnets, this time in the spurious form, if there is forgiveness for calling spurious the form which Shakspeare loved—viz., three independent quatrains followed by a couplet; while the last scene of the drama takes up again the heroic couplets with which the first act began, and thus rounds off the whole metrical effort with the following beautiful lines, spoken by Guendolen as she contemplates the consummated tragedy—Lochrine, Estrild, and Sabrina dead.

"The gods are wise who lead us—now to smite,  
And now to spare. We dwell but in their sight  
And work but what their will is. What hath  
been  
Is past. But these, that once were king and  
queen,  
The sun, that feeds on death, shall not consume  
Naked. Not I would sunder tomb from tomb  
Of these twain foes of mine, in death made one—  
I, that, when darkness hides me from the sun  
Shall sleep alone, with none to rest by me.  
But thou—this one time more I look on thee—  
Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not  
mine—  
Sleep sound—and God be good to thee, Lochrine.  
I was not. She was fair as heaven in spring  
Whom thou didst love indeed. Sleep, queen  
and king,  
Forgiven; and if—God knows—being dead, ye  
live,  
And keep remembrance yet of me—forgive.

It was necessary to dwell at some length on the metrical element in "Lochrine," because it is so elaborate, as compared with that of other dramas, and, very possibly, supplies some explanation of the unreal and artificial character which seems to cling to the com-

position. To write a scene in fifteen sonnets, metrically, must divert much of the writer's attention from the subject-matter to the way of expressing it; and, without agreeing altogether with Milton's views on rhyme, one may ask, Is it not still true that

"some famous modern poets" have paid over-much attention to it, "carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them?"

A word in conclusion. Wherever in this review the language of disparagement has been employed, the standard of comparison in the writer's mind has been one supplied by Mr. Swinburne himself. The grievance, if any, is not that the poet is unequal to the task of treating the story adequately, but that the story was not worthy of his treatment; and that consequently he has given us a masterpiece of metrical art with but little living interest entwined with it—the well-cut and richly-faceted jewels without the inner flash. Were there no gems of purer ray to hand?

HERBERT B. GARROD.

*Greek Life and Thought, from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest.* By J. P. Mahaffy. (Macmillan.)

THESE studies of Greek life and thought may be regarded as complementary to more than one of Prof. Mahaffy's other volumes upon Greek affairs. They carry further the account of *Social Life in Greece*; they take note of authors later than the point at which the *History of Greek Literature* ends; and they supply the domestic and literary features necessary to body-out the brilliant sketch of *Alexander's Empire*.

Mr. Mahaffy vindicates, in an eloquent introduction, the importance of his subject. Perhaps *Hellenistic* would have more nearly expressed its real limits than any other word. But then it would have cut out the strictly Greek society of the time, as distinguished from the Hellenism of Jews or Bactrians; and the author wishes to embrace in one account the characteristics of the age, whether they have to be looked for in Asia, or Africa, or Europe. The subject is a grand one, and the author's opportunity is the better because the subject has been comparatively neglected. The political and social experiments of the time; the spread of Greek culture, necessary for the future of humanity; the actual achievements in architecture and sculpture, in poetry and in painting—these things arouse instantly the interest of the historian and the artist, while the philosopher will be curious to see how Mr. Mahaffy justifies his favourable opinion of the morality and the daily life.

This splendid subject has now found an English historian competent to do it justice. Mr. Grote's prejudice against monarchy made his survey of it hurried and his judgment bitter. Mr. Freeman has glanced at it in two essays; but has dealt fully with one aspect of it only in the first part of his *History of Federal Government*. (That first volume still remains the only volume; but we earnestly wish with Mr. Mahaffy that it could be republished in a cheap form.) Of course, the

difficulty in dealing with the whole lies not so much in the state of the evidence—though the "literature is fragmentary and scattered by the winds of time in a manner almost unexampled for an epoch of culture and of books"—as in its own extremely divided nature. The countries of which Hellenism took possession were as far apart as countries could be in ancient history, and were generally at war one with another. There is no single thread running clearly through the whole number of countries and of generations. The unity is factitious—a unity rather of culture than of history. This difficulty Mr. Mahaffy has not perfectly got over, but he has gone as near as is possible to writing a flowing and a connected account of a scattered subject. Very naturally he looks for some historical bond of union among the fragments of Alexander's empire, and he puts forward the Keltic invasions as such a bond. The little cities of Hellas proper had found union in resisting Persia, and the states of the Diadochi needed something which should call out their patriotism and emphasise their Hellenic character.

"It is hard to estimate what would have been the loss to Hellenism, and so to succeeding ages, had not the want been supplied by a new and terrible kind of human being, the scourge of the world, giving depth to curses and to prayer, splendour to conflict and to victory, just pride and thankfulness to the champions of civilisation. For as the Northern heathens are to the legendary Round Table of Arthur, so are the Celts (Galatae) to Hellenism. Coming in with an irresistible tide of invasion from the North, strange in stature and in tongue, impious in religion and utterly inhuman in cruelty, these barbarians devastated Northern Greece far more terribly than the Oriental hordes of Xerxes had once done; and they were repulsed only by the most splendid patriotism of noble men, combined with the visible interposition of the blessed gods" (p. 156).

It is not unlikely that, if we had all the materials, we should find that smouldering hostility to Rome played a like part among the later generations. The Romans always meant far more kindly to the Greeks than the Greeks felt to the Romans.

A full account of the Hellenism of this age, while it includes the social, religious, and literary phenomena, must start from a survey of the political circumstances which made the diffusion of Hellenism possible, and must point out the varying fortunes of the greater and smaller kingdoms and republics which either shared in this diffusion or supplied from the quiet mother-country fresh currents of genuinely Greek blood and Greek taste. This political history the professor has already outlined in another book; but he now refreshes the reader's memory with a chronological table and some convenient summaries.

The social aspects of the time are more fully treated, with such success as the tried skill of the author of *Social Life* would lead us to expect. He points out that the Athens of Demetrius Phalereus does not deserve the moral censure of Droysen; and that among the Hellenistic states "private life and manners were both purer and more refined than they had been in the great days of Greece." To this verdict we cannot object, if it be understood with the qualification that it is true in proportion to



the degree in which the country spoken of was Greek or Grecised. The more Greek, the greater virtue and the better taste—that was true then, whatever might be the case in Juvenal's day.

About the religious tendencies of the age we are not half so well informed as we could wish to be. The situation was far simpler in religious matters than it was after the absorption of all Hellas by Rome. There were fewer factors at work; but our means of information are scanty. They may, however, increase—indeed they are increasing—with the study of new evidence from Egypt; and the story of Zeus Hades, brought from Sinope and identified with Serapis, show how what is found in Egypt may have threads of connexion with the religious history of other lands. But one is still left to conjecture much, and there is ample scope for Mr. Mahaffy's ingenuity in framing hypotheses.

"The whole story [of Zeus Hades], as told by Tacitus and Plutarch, points to a secret discussion among the various priests, under the king's direction, and a deliberate assertion of signs and wonders to establish the amalgamated cult. So completely did religion enter into the statecraft of the Lagidae!" (p. 188).

We are on firmer ground when he points out how successive Ptolemies took up different attitudes to the native religion of Egypt—how Ptolemy Philadelphus, in his "complete devotion to the Greek world," showed no interest in Egyptian religion or manners, while Euergetes I. built truly Egyptian buildings and conciliated the national priesthood; and how, this conciliation coming too late, the fourth and fifth Ptolemies were plagued with mahdis and insurrections. The translation of various native documents gives local colouring to the story. No one of these is more amusing than a passage which does not properly belong to our period, and which relates how King Amasis took more Kelebi wine than was good for him.

Mr. Mahaffy's readers are placed in a good position for judging of the literary achievements of the age by the admirable plan of quoting or translating largely from the surviving Greek writers, from Polybius, Callimachus, or Aratus. He has a strong objection to "pedantry," which seems from a comparison of passages in his book to mean "exactness" or "accuracy"; and this is the more curious because he himself takes pains to be accurate, and because he points out that the pedantry of Alexandria was a necessary antidote to the contamination of Greek by barbarism. If the question-begging word of "pedantry" were tabooed, we believe his judgment of all the authors would be more favourable. He can see their merits, as it is, as clearly as anyone, and express them better than most critics can do.

Another thing which gives great interest to the generations as they pass is the skilful use of biography. Now and again some character—statesman or general, dissolute king or laborious student—receives a detailed treatment which does much to bring his time before us and which clothes it with the living attraction of flesh and blood. One of the best of these portraits is the (partly conjectural) restoration of Antigonus Gonatas, who stands forward as a Stoic king. This view (which derives some support from

Diogenes Laertius) would give to the lonely Marcus Aurelius a companion figure in history; and, when the comparison is once suggested, we see several points of likeness in situation and even (if it be not claiming too much for Antigonus) in character. A philosopher compelled to fight; a statesman compelled to defend his northern frontier against barbarians, and liable all the time to lose his throne by troubles behind him—this reads like the history of the Stoic emperor who dated his *Meditations* from Carnuntum and wished for the opportunity to pardon Avidius Cassius.

There were two lands in which the fortunes of Hellenism were not so prosperous as in Egypt or Syria or Asia Minor. In Italy and among the Jews it was not so readily welcomed or so successful. Following Josephus and the books of Maccabees, Mr. Mahaffy thinks that Hellenism did really make great progress in Judaea. He lays stress upon the building of a Greek gymnasium in Jerusalem, and on the fact that even the priests were "eager to share in the unlawful allowances of the palaestra, attending the summons of the discus." But, whatever this may have amounted to, the chance was ruined by the haste or cupidity of Antiochus Epiphanes. "Humanly speaking, we may thank Antiochus IV. for having saved to us that peculiar Semitic type." How near the world may have been to the loss of Judaism and Jewish books! The importation of Hellenism into Rome has a chapter to itself, but is by no means fully treated. The wealth of material is so great that justice could not be done to it in a concluding chapter. Mr. Mahaffy holds out hopes of a future book upon the spiritual life of Hellenism under the Roman empire; and there perhaps he may find room for what we should like to receive from his hands—an estimate of the changes in Roman usages and ideas due to contact with Greek literature and civilisation. The topic is very large; but it is not too large for the professor, and it is not more alien from Hellenism than the history of the struggle in Judaea.

May we express a wish that if Mr. Mahaffy writes again he will keep out of sight his antipathy to Oxford and Cambridge? He has a perfect right to his opinion; but sneering at "the superannuated schoolboy who holds fellowships and masterships at English colleges, and regards himself as a perfectly trained Greek scholar," might have been omitted by an Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

*What I Remember.* By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

"I HAVE been a very happy—I fear I may say an exceptionally happy—man. As usual, my cards turned up trumps. Despite this, I do not think that were I called upon to advise a young man in precisely similar circumstances to mine at that time, I should counsel him to follow my example; for I have been not only a happy, but a singularly fortunate man."

Such is the summing-up which Mr. Adolphus Trollope, aged seventy-seven, passes upon himself.

Certainly, these volumes bear him out. From the time when, nearly seventy years

ago, he and "Katy 'Bon" were saved by the merest chance-spoken word from tumbling precipitously into an unfenced well at Harrow; past the time when he did not put fish-hooks in his pocket at Naples to trap handkerchief stealers, and, consequently, was not one night stabbed to the heart as his friend was; all through the time when "dead beat, wet through to the bone, unprovided with any wrap of any kind, and when it was freezing hard," he took his seat outside the coach to get from Canterbury to London, and reached his destination none the worse—fortune does seem to have smiled on our autobiographer. He need not tell us after this that he was "a thoroughly healthy and well-constituted child," for whom "wet feet had to remain *in statu quo* till they were dry again." We will take Mr. Trollope's word for it.

An autobiographer puts himself in a twofold attitude towards his reviewer: as a man, and as an author. Mr. Trollope disarms one at once:

"I wish," he says, "to mark the social changes in English life since my young days. I have been here so many, many years; and these years have comprised the best part of the nineteenth century."

Yet, as a man, Mr. Trollope is no less interesting than as a chronicler. To the position of philosopher he does not pretend. He has got a store of tales to tell us—sometimes almost Herodotean in style, as, for instance, in the case of the dead colonel and the 'cello—and he tells them. It is, indeed, as a *raconteur* of old stories that Mr. Trollope shows himself in his most pleasing light. He is at his best when talking about Whately, or Dr. Drury, or Cardinal Massala, or Fanny Bent. The surface of things is far too entrancing to Mr. Trollope for him to need to probe beneath it; and we take his *Storia*, as he would himself say, *quantum valeat*.

Therefore these volumes consist of the most delightful *pot-pourri* that we could desire of the time just anterior to our own. The anecdote which Mr. Trollope tells of himself at four years old is characteristic of the book and of the man:

"My mother used to tell how, when once I had been attentively watching her dressing for dinner, while standing on a chair by the side of the dressing-table, I broke silence when the work was completed to say very judiciously, 'Now you have made yourself as fine as possible'—and you look worse than you did when you began."

The child is father of the man. How often does some such anecdote of early years show the bent of the child's whole future course! Think of Kingsley, with his sermon to the chairs at four years old; of Newman, at ten, with the cross and beads in his schoolbook; and then think of Trollope addressing those sage remarks to his mother.

Mr. Trollope was educated at Winchester; and to many the pages about his school-life may be the most interesting in the book. To some his disclosure of Wykehamical "notions" will seem nothing short of sacrilege; for he tells with absolute candour what he remembers about the place. He was never miserable, as his younger brother, Anthony, was. He is quite certain there is no such

beer and mutton now as in the days "when George III. was king"; corporal punishment was "a mere farce" ("I myself have been scourged [?] five times in the day")—and, in fact, we suspect Winchester was the best of all possible schools. But *audi alteram partem*—as Mr. Trollope would say. Here is Anthony's account, which we extract from the *Autobiography* published two years ago:

"Over a period of forty years, since I began my manhood at a desk in the Post Office, I and my brother, Thomas Adolphus, have been fast friends. There have been hot words between us, for perfect friendship bears and allows hot words. Few brothers have had more of brotherhood. But in those school days he was of all my foes the worst. In accordance with the practice of the college, which submits, or did then submit, much of the tuition of the younger boys to the elder, he was my tutor; and in his capacity of teacher and ruler he had studied the theories of Draco. I remember well how he used to exact obedience after the manner of that lawgiver. Hang a little boy for stealing apples, he used to say, and other little boys will not steal apples. The result was that, as a part of his daily exercise, he thrashed me with a big stick. That such thrashings should have been possible at a school as a continual part of one's daily life seems to me to argue a very ill condition of school life."

Boys will be boys, and Mr. Adolphus Trollope will forgive us for recalling a touch of nature which makes all schoolboys kin. In fact there was no time, so far as we can make out, in Mr. Trollope's life when he was not a boy. He shakes hands with you at the end of these volumes as though he were ready to race you down "hills" to-morrow.

Mr. Trollope's only ill-luck seems to have befallen him when he went to Oxford. He just missed by one place his election to New College in 1829. His father sent him to St. Alban's Hall simply because Whately was head of it (Newman had left it, it will be remembered, in 1825), when Whately told him, "We don't want any New College ways here, sir!" He had not been there more than a very short while before Whately sent for him, and told him he must take his name off the books for what seems an inconceivable reason. And so Trollope left what was at the best of times, he says, only "a refuge for the destitute"; and the only person who would take him was Dr. Macbride, at Magdalen Hall. No wonder Mr. Trollope took to racing the mail and reading Gaffarel's *Curiosities*. It is an interesting picture of Oxford in 1829.

Mr. Trollope left Oxford to become his mother's faithful attendant and guide, and from this time his acquaintance with *le beau monde* commences. They went together to Paris, where he met all sorts of interesting people. He met Chateaubriand, who was then in everybody's mouth, and he found him a "tinkling cymbal"; Guizot, who looked "for all the world like a village school-master"; Thiers, "who might have been mistaken for a prosperous, busy, bustling, cheery stockbroker"; and he gives us a *chronique scandaleuse* about George Sand, and her escapade with the well-known Abbé de Lamennais. (By the way, Mr. Trollope spells the name incorrectly "Lamenais.") But the Abbé was fifty-three at the time, and we may take the story for what it is worth.

We could go on multiplying impressions

and anecdotes indefinitely, but to do this would be to miss to a considerable extent the importance of the book. Mr. Trollope is equally good at pointing out the social changes "which he remembers." Take, for instance, this sketch—how delightfully written!—of the Exeter of to-day:

"It was not so much that the new rows of houses and detached villas seemed to have nearly doubled the extent of the city and obliterated many of the old features in it, as that the character of the population seemed changed. It was less provincial, a term which implies quite as much that is pleasant as the reverse. It seemed to have been infected by much of the ways and spirit of London, without having anything of the special advantages of London to offer. People no longer walked down High Street, along a pavement abundantly ample for the traffic, nodding right and left to acquaintances. Everybody knew everybody no longer. The leisurely gossiping ways of the shopkeeper had been exchanged for the short and sharp promptitude of London habits. I recognised, indeed, the well-remembered tone of the cathedral bells. But the cathedral and its associations and influences did not seem to hold the same place in the city life as in my young days. There was an impalpable and very indescribable, but yet unmistakably sensible, something which seemed to shut off the ecclesiastical life on one side of the close precincts from the town life on the other, in a manner which was new to me. I have little doubt that if I had casually asked in any large, say, grocer's shop in High Street who was the canon in residence, I should have received a reply indicating that the person inquired of had not an idea of what I was talking about; and I am very sure that half a century ago the reply to the same question would have been everywhere a prompt one."

There is no sadness here. Only a silent acceptance of the facts. On one point, indeed, Mr. Trollope seems to be strangely inconsistent. Old as he is he has not learnt the beauties of provincialisms in speech. He is rather shocked when Lady Musgrave calls a cow a "coo," and suspects "she would have left Westmoreland behind her if evil fate had called her to London." Nor can he forgive "Quakerlike" Fanny Bent, who was "as well known in Exeter as the cathedral towers," for talking Devonshire *when in Devonshire*. Even the Florentines he does not quite forgive with their *Hasa* for "Casa" and *haptals* for "capitale," and the like.

It is impossible, and it would be out of place, to give more than a passing allusion to the many friendships and acquaintances which Mr. Trollope has formed in the course of his long life. Figures flit across the stage and are gone, and Mr. Trollope stands by and chronicles them. In this way we catch a glimpse of Dickens, of Landor, of Prince Metternich, of Garibaldi, of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, of George Eliot and G. H. Lewes, of Tennyson, and of Mary Mitford. We are told a good deal about Lady Bulwer, better known to the present generation as Rosina, Lady Lytton; and something about Julius and Mame Mohl. Yet these friendships and acquaintances have been, we cannot but see, the most important factors in Mr. Trollope's life. The question, as he says, is not what one has done, but what one has become; and for that reason these pages are worth all the *Bebbos*, *La Beatas*, and *Histories of Florence* wherewith he once delighted the world. Not books

but men. We shall remember the altered *tempora et mores* when "liveried footman snuffed the candles" in Keppel Street, and "when 'Evangelicalism' and 'Low Churchism' were a note of vulgarity"; but Mr. Trollope has served us and himself best when he preserves for us the delightful, racy stories of his youth and the youth of the century, and when he gives us glimpses of those loved or worshipped faces which vanished before our time. To do the one he must, of course, have done the other, and hence the success of his written remembrances. From what we read in these two volumes, we gather that we may yet expect another in the fulness of time; and there is certainly room for it. Mr. Trollope provocingly draws the curtain where we would not inquisitively, I hope, pry; and he has moreover given us much which perforce is here, but only to the exclusion of what many of us would prefer. Mr. Trollope will forgive our correcting him on one point. Miss Fanny Bent, whom he used to visit half a century ago, lived not at Hoopern Bowers but Lower Hoopern; and our informant tells us that "she was the most untidy old woman who ever lived, and she carried a huge green umbrella with brass fittings."

Upon how many biographies these two volumes bear will very readily be seen. Mr. Trollope is another of that extraordinary group of men who were all born about 1810; and, though differing from them in many respects (Mr. Trollope does not accuse himself of writing one line of poetry in his life, and in the course of seventy-seven years he has only once—"and that for the fun of the thing"—been at an election), his autobiography will be extremely valuable for those who are yet to come. And so we leave Mr. Trollope's volumes, hoping that he will yet give us more, and—in the words of his own favourite author, "that jolly fellow, fine gentleman, and true philosopher, Horace"—*servus in coelum redeat, diique laetus intersit populo*.

CHARLES SAYLE.

*Venetian Studies*. By Horatio F. Brown. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

To proclaim the excellences of this fascinating book must indeed prove a grateful task for any critic. Mr. Brown's previous volume, *Life on the Lagoons*, buoyant, bright, picturesque as it was, at once established his right to the position of an authority upon Venice and matters Venetian. This new collection of studies, where he goes deeper, covers wider ground, touches graver themes, will certainly but strengthen that position. Not only have long residence and continuous study in Venice fitted him in a particular degree for his task. These, indeed, gave him the first and best advantage of special knowledge; yet that was but as the colour upon his palette. Without a fine faculty for analysis and luminous exposition, without the real historic sense or the charm of a style marked by much grace and strength, he could not have given us this sound and true piece of work. That, without any touch of flattery, is what we may call *Venetian Studies*. It adds to history; it adds to literature.



Of these eleven essays the first shows the rise to pre-eminence of the lagoon city of Rialto, the modern Venice, built on the ruins of rival townlets, Heraclea and Malamocco, as the seal of their reconciliation, and as the enduring monument of Pepin's ill-starred assault and defeat. It was then, after the Franks' repulse, that Venice broke with the empire of the West, asserted her individuality, came out from her ordeal an independent state. It was then that she attained homogeneity, that the unity and fusion of her rival elements was wrought, and her people became one with the place of their abode.

"Venetian men and Venetian lagoons had made and saved the state. The spirit of the waters, free, vigorous, and pungent, had passed, in that stern moment of struggle, into the being of the men who dwelt upon them; now the men were about to impose something of their spirit, too, and built that incomparably lovely city of the sea. Venice, in this union of the people and the place, declared the nature of her personality; a personality so infinitely various, so rich, so pliant, and so free, that to this day she awakens, and in a measure satisfies, a passion such as we feel for some life deeply beloved."

The island of Rialto, as the surest rallying-point, a citadel and asylum in the hour of peril, was, therefore, in the year 803 chosen as capital; and here the government had its seat, with the Doge Angelo Participazio at its head.

Bajamonte Tiepolo forms the subject of the second study, in which are presented to us the causes, climax, and failure of his famous conspiracy. With Tiepolo's collapse, the old nobility which had fought an unequal fight for predominance in the state died, broken up, crushed out by the tyranny of the new aristocracy. Tiepolo, as the writer justly asserts, was no merely factious rebel and traitor. He raised a great question, he championed a just cause. But he had neither the *finesse* nor the force to make it a triumphant one. The year of his defeat and banishment, 1310, as marked on the little marble slab in the Campo Sant' Agostino, saw the creation of the terrible Council of Ten as the iron power destined to rule Venice. In the month of cherries, as a popular rhyme tells us,

"Del mille tresento e diese,  
A mezzo el mese delle ceriese,  
Bagiamonte passò el ponte [the Rialto]  
E per esso fu fatto el consaglio di diese."

Limited first to a few days, its tenure of office was later prolonged from two months to five years. On July 20, 1335, it was proclaimed permanent, and, as Mr. Brown points out, "became the lord, the Signore, the tyrant of Venice; more terrible than any personal despot, because impalpable, impervious to the dagger of the assassin." This is what the Tiepolo conspiracy had given Venice—the very essence of tyranny, a rod of iron, and yet a preservative force which determined the internal aspect of the state for the rest of its existence.

To these two remarkable essays, others on the Carrarese and on Carmagnola succeed. The former as ambitious, restless tyrants, and the latter as a mercenary *condottiere*, both played fast and loose with Venice; and both received fearful retribution at her hands. Venice never forgave. She would wait, she would temporise; but, when the moment was ripe

for her revenge, she would coldly strike. Carmagnola's story is a good illustration of this, type as he was of the intriguing soldier of fortune, double-faced, half-hearted, who played a perilous game and lost it.

No more accurate and exhaustive account of the state archives of Venice than that prepared by Mr. Brown has, we believe, ever been offered to Englishmen. It appeared originally in the *Quarterly Review*; and the author has done well to reprint it here, as the fifth essay of the series. Another excellent paper is the one on Cardinal Contarini and his friend Reginald Pole, "the gentle cardinal," the *spirito angelico*, wherein is shown the pleasant intimacy of two fine spirits who neither of them found terrestrial quiet or content, yet who, when together in Italy, enjoyed an interval of most delightful calm. To pass lightly over the exciting story which Mr. Brown rehearses of Marcantonio Bragadin, the alchemist, will surely be less easy for readers than to miss the pages he devotes to Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus. For in these last the writer's excellences of style are less apparent; and there are touches here and there not quite in the right key. But a most valuable and impressive chapter is the one on "Cromwell and the Venetian Republic," where we see how eagerly Venice sought to have England on her side against the Turk.

And to put a fitting close to his book the writer appends his delightful paper on "The Venice of To-day," a piece of poetry in prose, that, when it appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, Miss Montalba's charming sketches richly served to embellish. It appeals to Venice lovers, not to Laodiceans, not to those who term the Sea Queen "a fetid, foreign city, full of dirt and mosquitoes," but rather to such as look upon her as

"the enticing house of true serenity."

One questioning phrase for the printer and one for the author shall escape us before we end this brief notice. Why has the former regularly, systematically, printed "*Guistiniano*" for "*Giustiniano*" (p. 62); "*Guidici*" for "*Giudici*" (p. 61); "*Guidecca*" for "*Giudecca*" (twice on the same page, 278); and so on, wherever the syllable "*giu*" occurs? There are misprints, too, in the footnotes to the Cornaro essay which should be set right when the volume is in its next edition. Our question for the author is this. Why has he kept out any example, any illustration of Venetian art from his book? Will he not follow up these studies by another set, in which some one of Venice's immortal painters or musicians shall receive particular regard? We sincerely hope it. And, impatient for its sequel, we recommend his present volume to book-lovers as to book-makers. It will surely contain much useful matter for the indefatigable author of *Madonna Mary*, who, as the prints tell us, will soon give her public a skilful compilation to be called *The Makers of Venice*.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

*Life and Labour*; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius. By Samuel Smiles. (John Murray.)

As years roll on the author's store of apt illustrations becomes ampler, while, in the case of Dr. Smiles, his skill in dealing with

them shows no signs of failure. *Life and Labour* is a companion volume to *Self-Help* and *Character*, and its publication at this season will be regarded as opportune by those who have the troublesome task of selecting prize-books. No more suitable volume could be found to bear the inscription *Laboris prae-mium*.

Perhaps the first chapter is the least interesting, or, at any rate, the least happily entitled. These are certainly not days when it is necessary to prove that work is not ignoble so long as it is honest. This is admitted on all hands. And what the "gentleman" by birth is constantly seeking is the chance of employment, and not the terrible alternative of idleness. No fear of trade being a disgrace keeps him out of the commercial world. We wish we could add that his birth always keeps him from bringing a disgrace upon trade. It may, however, be necessary to point out to the successful tradesman that success does not, as a matter of course, make him a gentleman; and that courtesy, consideration, and charity are graces that may be acquired as well as inherited.

In the aristocracy of labour the brain-workers rank highest; and Dr. Smiles is, of course, quite right in including among such those whose thoughts have found expression through the brush or chisel. The passion for work seems to be strongest among artists; but Scott and Southey are wonderful examples of literary fecundity; and—if quantity and not quality be the test—even they have been surpassed by pamphleteers and controversial theologians, whose works have happily been forgotten. Prynne is said to have written an average of eight quarto pages daily from the time he reached manhood to the day of his death, and Lope de Vega's contributions to literature are numerically astounding.

"He himself states that of his dramas about one hundred had been composed in as many days. During the fifty years of his working life he produced upwards of twenty millions of verses which are in print, besides twenty-one quarto volumes of miscellaneous works."

It is well to remember, on the other hand, that Bishop Butler spent twenty years upon the *Analogy of Religion*, and Montesquieu twenty-five upon his *Esprit de Lois*. It is of less interest to know that Rogers gave fourteen years of his leisurely life to *Italy*; and that he told Babbage (we hope in more intelligible language) "that he had never written more than four, or at least six, lines of verse in one day in his life."

As to the period of life when work is best done there is much difference of opinion. In most cases great men begin to show their greatness soon; and where promptitude, vigour, and imagination are demanded, youth has the advantage over age. The list of those whose genius has been what Dr. Smiles calls precocious is a long one, and includes such names as Pascal, whose brilliant career ended at thirty-nine; Melancthon, who at twenty-one was appointed Professor of Greek at Wittenberg; Pitt, who at twenty-four was Prime Minister; and Newton, whose discovery of the law of gravitation was made at twenty-five. But the greatest names in the list are, as might be expected, those of men of action. Alike in ancient, mediæval, and

modern times, the most successful commanders scored their successes at an early age—Marlborough and Von Moltke being exceptions which serve to prove the rule. Not that middle life is barren of examples of greatness. Goldsmith, as Johnson said, was "a plant that flowered late," and so also was Swift; Priestley, Buffon, and Humboldt did their best work in mature years; and it can never be forgotten that Milton was fifty-seven when he finished his greatest poem. That the exercise of one's natural powers has no tendency to shorten life, but rather to prolong it, there is abundant proof. "It is a poor wine," said Lord Jeffrey, "that grows sour with age;" and, we may add, the best clusters of grapes are often found on the oldest vines.

Dr. Smiles has introduced some very useful chapters on "The Literary Ailment: Over Brain-work," and how to ensure health amid the necessary conditions of toil. He insists very strongly upon the superiority of a country life. "City life," he says, "is a foe to intellectual work. There is too much excitement and too little repose." On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits"; and that contact with one's fellow men has a tendency to sharpen the intellect and correct—what is a fertile source of failure—a false estimate of one's own powers.

We need scarcely add that Dr. Smiles's book affords plenty of pleasant reading, though the introduction of examples in rapid succession has rather a bewildering effect on the mind, for there seems as much to be said for one side of each case as for the other.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*An Old Man's Favour.* By the author of "Dr. Edith Romney." In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*Mrs. Sharpe.* By the author of "Shadrach." In 3 vols. (Bell.)

*A Prince of the Blood.* By James Payn. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

*The Sport of Chance.* By William Sharp. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*Ireland's Dream.* By Capt. Lyon. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

*Pine and Palm.* By Moncure D. Conway. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*The Hundreth Man.* By Frank R. Stockton. (Sampson Low.)

*Birth-Rights.* By Edgar Ray. (Fisher Unwin.)

*An Old Man's Favour* fully sustains the level of the author's previous books, if no great advance is visible. There is a fairly good plot, with well-accentuated motives; and two or three of the characters are drawn with some graphic faculty. The main situation is that the son of a merchant who has died ruined is gifted with musical genius, especially for the violin, which may easily lead to fame and wealth if he can give it free scope, as he is strongly urged to do by his instructor, Marmaduke Ward, an excitable, enthusiastic, and unpractical personage, evidently a favourite with the author. But an uncle, the "old

man" of the title-page, offers assistance to the family on condition that Wilfrid Leigh abandons a musical career for a commercial life, to be persevered in for a certain term of years, after which he shall be free to choose finally between the two courses. The scene is laid in Newcastle-on-Tyne; under the name of Newminster; and the sketches of business life there are vivid and telling. Along with the Leigh family another, called Dering, has come down in the same crash; and there is a good deal of pains spent on the description of the mutual relations of husband and wife in consequence, he being unable to believe that he has not forfeited her affection, and she, in her turn, being gradually changed from a cheerful, genial woman into a morose and austere one. One other detail is cleverly treated—the grinding effect of constant poverty, with the dismal need of keeping up appearances in public. There is also a good drawing, with just a spice of malice, suggesting a portrait from the life, of the *dilettante* type of amateur, who is made to serve as the foil for the more genuine article. The dialogue is pretty fluent; and altogether the story is readable.

*Mrs. Sharpe* is mainly a novel of character, the aim being rather to delineate a single personality than to work out a plot. The portrait in this instance is that of a domineering, capricious, exacting woman, with some good qualities overshadowed by her persistent craving for power, and her unscrupulousness in getting her way. The figure is drawn with a good deal of force and vividness; but a reviewer may be pardoned for doubting whether the thing was worth doing at all.

In *A Prince of the Blood* new ground has been broken by Mr. Payn, but scarcely to his own advantage or that of his readers, and he has not achieved more than a *succès d'estime*, if even that. Nor has he been so careful as usual in workmanship and accessories, though the old deftness shows in the plot and several of the incidents. The hero of the book, Prince Tarilam, is the heir to the Malayan king of a small island in the Indian Ocean, and is, in fact, an idealisation of Prince Lee Boo, the description of the island, its people, and the intercourse between them and the crew of a wrecked English vessel having been evidently borrowed from Capt. Wilson's account of the wreck of the *Antelope* in 1783 on the Pelew Islands, which was published from his journals by George Keate. But Mr. Payn has passed the reasonable limits of artistic freedom in dealing with Tarilam and his sister Majuba. They not only learn to speak English in an incredibly short space of time, and that better than any Frenchman has succeeded in speaking it yet, but the ideas and diction which come fluently to them are such as are entirely incompatible with the intellectual level of their race and stage of development. The purely European part of the story is better managed, but the two sections do not join neatly; and though Mr. Payn cannot fail to make us read him, he has for once shown that we may not always praise him.

*The Sport of Chance* is a highly sensational story, with a plot of the kind we used to get formerly from Miss Braddon and Mrs. Henry Wood. A prologue shows us the

rescue of a single survivor from a wreck on the Cornish coast. Then we are carried back a long time to a scene in Scotland, where a merchant's happy home is suddenly disturbed by a cloud coming between husband and wife in consequence of the advent of a stranger, plainly mixed up in some large forgeries upon the husband's firm, and seemingly on such terms of secret understanding with the wife as to point to her complicity. Soon after she disappears along with her baby, hiding herself with her old nurse; and the story continues for several years, busied with her husband's search for her, as he believes her to have sailed for Australia with a seducer, and with the fortunes of the child she had carried away. Where the interest depends wholly on the evolution of the plot, as in the present instance, it is unfair to disclose it, and it will suffice to say that it is a clever one, with some single episodes forcibly delineated. But the villain of the story is made altogether too black. Not only is he thief, forger, and murderer (he commits no fewer than three homicides in the course of the narrative, besides attempting one or two more), but there is a malignant love of evil for its own sake, when there is nothing to be got by it, ascribed to him, which is a little out of drawing, except on just the hypothesis of moral insanity which is inconsistent with the author's intention. The English is rather shaky in places, "irrelative," for instance, appearing for "irrelevant," and the construction of many sentences being awkward and clumsy, if not actually ungrammatical.

*Ireland's Dream* is a political and polemical novel, forecasting what would happen in Ireland if the programme of legislative independence were carried out. Capt. Lyon's prophecy is of national impoverishment, executive bankruptcy, judicial corruption, administrative anarchy, civil war, and general collapse. He is so far impartial that he represents the instinct of barbarous retaliation as seizing hold of the Unionists as well as of the Separatists; and if the latter have massacred the garrison of a boycotted country-house, the former wreck with dynamite a railway bridge in front of a train containing the doers of the deed, and destroy them totally. The book is written with every semblance of conviction upon the author's part, and with a directness and vigour which make some amends for the visible lack of literary experience.

*Pine and Palm* is a story of North and South in the United States, beginning shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. Two young men at Harvard, idealised types of Northerner and Southerner, quarrel over the slavery question, and are about to fight a duel. They are prevented from so doing; and are induced each to travel into the other's part of the Union, to study the situation at first hand, and to learn what can be said in favour of the view he has hitherto opposed. As matters fall out, both are considerably modified in their opinions by their new experiences; and it has been, in part, Mr. Conway's aim to show what palliations can fairly be allowed by sincere abolitionists for the attitude of the slave-holding aristocracy. His two heroes are a little too admirable in their several ways—a fact of which he is not at all unconscious; but



he has chosen his leading incidents carefully, and put them together in a workmanlike fashion, making a book which is pleasant to read, at the same time that it is a real help to Englishmen who want to understand something more of the true issues of the Civil War than the *Uncle Tom* class of literature can singly teach them.

*The Hundredth Man* is on a rather larger scale than that which best suits Mr. Stockton's peculiar humour. It is exceedingly clever in parts; but the parts of this kind do not lie close enough together. The notion of the book is that one of its characters has a theory that somewhere among every hundred men whom we meet, one will stand out from all the others by virtue of a more distinctive personality, and that it is worth while looking for and identifying him. In this case, the searcher proves to be the desired object himself. The best sketches in the book, however, are not the characters assigned the first places, but Enoch Bullripple, a Down-East farmer, and Matilda Stull, a New York young lady of remarkably practical gifts.

*Birth-Rights* is an exceedingly crude story on the theme of "breaking birth's invidious bar," by a beginner in literature, who does not understand yet that long sermonettes to the reader are not legitimate fiction, and that gush is not art. There are possibilities of better things perceptible by a kindly eye; but achievement has not come yet. And it would have been just as well to have named the *stola*, rather than the *toga* several times over, as the distinctive dress of ladies in ancient Rome. RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

#### GIFT-BOOKS.

WE take the liberty of noticing in this place the two latest additions to the pretty series of "Clarendon English Classics," which are bound in ornamental parchment, with uncut edges and gilt tops, and yet are not extravagant in price. These are Goldsmith's *Selected Poems* and Johnson's *Rasselas*, edited, with introduction and notes—the former by Mr. Austin Dobson, the latter by Dr. George Birkbeck Hill. When we have mentioned these names, it is superfluous to add that two fitter editors could not be found. Nor will anyone suppose that either of them has acquitted himself of so congenial a task in a perfunctory manner. Each little book contains, indeed, a load of learning worthy of an ancient scholiast, which Mr. Dobson, at least, bears with the lightness of a flower. Of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, also, it should be said that he has been able to illustrate the Abyssinian morality with apposite quotations from his own edition of *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*. On one point only will we venture to exercise the reviewer's privilege. In his table of Chief Events in the Life of Samuel Johnson Dr. Hill records, under the year 1763, "got to know Boswell"—which, by its curious inversion of thought, recalls Elliston's saying embalmed by Charles Lamb. "I like French," said a friend to Elliston, "because he is the same natural, easy creature on the stage that he is off." "Just my case," retorted Elliston, "I am the same person off the stage that I am on." After this digression, we cannot conclude without recommending either of these volumes to those in search of a present at this season for a good boy. No more alluring guide could be imagined into the pleasure garden of English literature.

*Familiar Wild Birds*. By W. Swaysland. With coloured plates. (Cassell.) This is the third volume of a series of which the two preceding ones have already been praised in the ACADEMY; and we are glad to hear that a fourth is yet to come. When completed, the series must, to some extent, belie its title; for it cannot be said that the capercaillie is "familiar," except in poulterers' shops, or the kite, except in literature. But to cavil thus would be to show ingratitude for a most welcome gift, which, for its conspicuous merits, can only be compared to Lord Walsingham's show-cases of natural groups at South Kensington. We refer not so much to the descriptions of Mr. Swaysland himself—though these are brief and to the point—as to the truly admirable coloured plates, all of which, in this volume, are reproduced from the drawings of Mr. A. Thorburn. Besides these plates, there are a couple of woodcuts illustrating the life of each bird, as well as coloured representations of their eggs of the natural size.

*Run Away from the Dutch*; or, Borneo from South to North (Sampson Low), is the attractive title of a thrilling tale of Eastern adventure, adapted by Mr. A. P. Mendes from Maurice Blok's translation of the original by Mr. Perelaer, late of the Dutch Indian Service. It is written quite in the Jules Verne style, with the same obvious intention of combining pleasure with instruction, but lacking the peculiar fascination of that brilliant storyteller. Nevertheless, the interest is well sustained from first to last; and a great deal of useful information on the physical geography, natural history, and inhabitants of Borneo has been skilfully woven into the texture of the plot. This turns exclusively on the adventures of three Europeans and a native, who, growing tired of their treatment in the Dutch Service, execute a well-concocted scheme to regain their freedom, and make their way under incredible difficulties from the southern to the north-western part of the island at that time governed by the famous Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak. The characters of the Europeans—a Belgian and two Swiss—are consistent enough; but Johannes, the native, is an absurd prig, who is endowed with lofty European conceptions about man and the universe, and who refers in the following style to the reported tailed tribes of the interior:

"Yet it is a positive fact, which many savants have accepted, that here in Borneo tribes do exist rejoicing in the luxury of a tail. According to them, this tail is nothing but a small, motionless elongation of the spinal column," &c.

Hamadoc, the Dyak belle, who captivates Wienserdorf, the Swiss, and is ultimately converted by him into a "grande dame de par le monde," is a still more preposterous impersonation—a "proud child of nature," with "a heart and a character of the noblest mould," and so forth. Still, the book will, no doubt, be eagerly devoured by young folks possessing the insatiable taste for "bug, bug," characteristic of *Helen's Babies*. Repulsive scenes of horror follow in rapid succession, and passages such as the following are of far too frequent occurrence:

"Human bodies, completely flattened out, were seen buried in the deep and hard ruts made by the rolling blocks of stone. Here a fractured skull, there a ripped chest or gaping abdomen, farther on dismembered hands and feet—everywhere blood." There are several good illustrations; and the translation is generally free from such solecisms as "at the side of," in the sense of "compared with," occurring at p. 238.

*Perils in the Transvaal and Zululand*, by the Rev. H. C. Adams (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is as successful an attempt as we have read to reproduce for the delectation of boys the more

sensational incidents in the Zulu and Transvaal wars, with the battles of Isandhlwana, Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill. The leading characters in it are mainly young Englishmen of the ordinary proud and vigorous type, the chief of whom are named Hardy and Rivers; but there is also a not less proud and vigorous Dutchman, Vander Heyden by name, who hates Englishmen as a rule, but can also fight bravely by their side. His sister is an admirable study—though not, perhaps, for boys in their teens; and there is a revengeful enemy in the book, one Cargill alias Bostock, who is as desperate as Balfour of Burleigh, but not quite so religious. By way of relief, too, we have adventures with lions and pythons, and what not. Altogether *Perils in the Transvaal* deserves very high praise indeed.

*A Son of the Morning*. By Sarah Doudney. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is a strong story in every way, but particularly from the ethical standpoint, the strength being embodied in Doctor Lansdowne, the good genius of Edgar Halliford, the rather susceptible and impulsive hero of the story, who is not much of "a son of the morning" to begin with, although he improves under good tuition towards the end. Irene, the heroine, is ever so much better than the hero, who only comes to deserve that name when he is contrasted with the still weaker Neal Everstone, who was her first fiancé. Edgar Halliford has also a first-love affair, which very nearly drives him mad; and Miss Doudney makes a skilful use of the "lost love" of Edgar, in her widowed condition, to awaken in the breast of Irene a healthy jealousy. Literature and art have both a slight place in the evolution of such plot as *A Son of the Morning* can be said to possess; but, on the whole, they might well have been dispensed with, except in a very pretty frontispiece, which is the one illustration in this book. Doctor Lansdowne, however, who is capable of infusing his own strength of will into his friends and patients, could not have been dispensed with. He is, indeed, one of the best of Miss Doudney's characters.

*Sir Walter's Ward: a Tale of the Crusades*. By William Everard. (Blackie.) This book will prove a very acceptable present either to boys or girls. Both alike will take an interest in the career of Dods, in spite of his unheroic name, and follow him through his numerous and exciting adventures. These lead him to the East, from whence he returns to Germany to regain possession of the home from which a wicked uncle had ousted him. The illustrations are excellent, and we must add a word of praise for the print and binding.

*On the Banks of the Ouse*. By Emma Marshall. (Seeley.) This is a story of life in Olney a hundred years ago. We thought on opening the volume that the author had been happy in the choice of a subject, and on closing it we may say she has been no less happy in its treatment. Not that we altogether sympathise with her in her views of Cowper, and still less of the Rev. John Newton; but the references to both poet and preacher give an air of healthy realism to the story. In these days when so much of our fiction is marred by frivolity and cynicism, it is refreshing to read so earnest a book as this. The style too, is simple and clear. It is religious in its tone, but neither narrow nor sectarian, as is shown by the following passage (p. 274):

"Even in the great gift of the Beloved Son, such men and women can only see the satisfaction of wrathful indignation by sacrifice rather than the gift of love freely given by the sinless One in obedience to the Will which he came to do."

The illustrations give a distinct charm to the volume, and we cannot but compliment the

publishers on the manner in which they have turned out Miss Marshall's last work.

*John o' London: a Story of the Days of Roger Bacon.* By Somerville Gibney. (Ward & Downey.) The days of Roger Bacon are about as shadowy as those of King Arthur, and his doings and discoveries belong rather to the realm of romance than to that of science. These, however, are no obstacles to the story-teller, who has really constructed out of his materials a book which boys will enjoy. Whether Adam de Gordon be either in name or in other respects quite in harmony with the era of Henry III. must be left to the antiquary to determine. His adventures in company with the hero, who bears the unassailable name of John, are sufficiently amusing and, in a minor degree, may be even termed instructive. The author's courage in the selection of a subject deserves recognition, and we do not doubt that it will be widely given.

*By Order of Queen Maude: a Story of Home Life.* By Louisa A. Crow. (Blackie.) The monarch, who ruled the schoolroom in somewhat autocratic fashion, learnt by her failures how to rule herself; and, as her love of setting her brothers and sisters right had in it no small admixture of genuine affection, her majesty in the end gained a rightful supremacy in the kingdom of home. The tale is brightly and cleverly told, and forms one of the best children's books which the season has produced.

*Cross Corners.* By Anna B. Warner. (Nisbet.) This is an American story with a strong religious bias, but Eunice is a character who will find favour with many young English readers. Her visits to the ladies at the Cross Corners Cottage are entertaining, and the Transatlantic flavour imparts some piquancy to the conversations. The illustrations are inartistic, though the treatment of the rearing horse gives some evidence of skill.

*Equal to the Occasion.* By Edward Garrett. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) Mr. Garrett has done better work than this. The story is dull and commonplace, and so are the chief actors in it. Chrissy follows the usual type of conscientious daughters, whose goodness would be more attractive if it were less perfect. The book is well got-up and, of course, is thoroughly unexceptionable.

*The Story of John Marleck,* by Emma Marshall (Nisbet), recounts not the musical but the reforming career of this well-known English composer. Dealing with the sufferings of the band of martyrs of whom Marleck was the chief, the story is rather painful; but the historical environment seems to be reproduced with considerable accuracy.

*Armour Clad.* By G. P. Dyer. (Shaw.) This is a well-meant but not particularly successful story of the trials of Arthur Brandon, who commences life as one of W. H. Smith & Son's newsboys. The book is written in a strain of religious gush which is too unnatural to be pleasing. The author does not seem aware that a strong sense of religious duty in boys is mostly combined with reticence and emotional restraint.

*Two of Them: a Story for Boys.* By the author of "Mike and his Brother Ben." (S.P.C.K.) The conception of this little tale is good, but it is not told with either vigour or completeness, and is not particularly suited for the young. The author opens his story with some care and minuteness; but, seeming suddenly to doubt whether the narrative is interesting, hurries over several years in the hopes of finding something exciting, and failing in this concludes abruptly. The binding and illustrations are unusually good.

*A Minor Chord,* by Niall Herne (S.P.C.K.), is in outline an affecting story, though hardly narrated with sufficient simplicity and directness. Old John Duniseith with his quaint oracular sayings, conveyed in the broadest Doric, is a decidedly amusing personage.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are to have a new edition of Chaucer. The editors will be Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the founder and chief worker of the Chaucer Society for the last twenty years; and Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum, editor of the two volumes of *Selections from the Canterbury Tales* in the "Parchment Library." Only the poet's genuine works will be given; and the exclusion of the many spurious poems included in former editions will make room for the inclusion of his prose works. The edition will be in six volumes, octavo; and then the text, with shortened forewords, will be issued in a Globe edition. Messrs Macmillan will be the publishers. The volumes will be also included in the issues of the Chaucer Society to its members, inasmuch as their subscriptions have furnished the material on which the edition will be based. So far as possible, the best MS. of each work will be taken as the basis of its text, and not altered, save where it is plainly wrong. And though, if the MS. be Shirley's, his known personal peculiarities—like that of his retaining the Anglo-Saxon *eo* for *e*—will be changed, the spelling will not be normalised or otherwise made uniform. The notes will not be overloaded with all the various readings of all the MSS.; but only those held important will be given, students being referred to Dr. Furnivall's "Parallel Texts" in the Chaucer Society for the rest, which are so often plainly mistakes or later unauthorised changes.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY has now finished his *Dictionary of Lowland Scotch*, with explanations and etymological derivations. The work is not only a glossary of the more important words, but also a storehouse of anecdote and poetic illustration, while the historical and literary development of the language is dealt with in an introductory chapter. The first edition, to be published by private subscription, will be printed on Whatman paper, and limited to 125 copies, numbered and signed by the author.

MR. ARNOLD FORSTER has been engaged in the preparation of a new work uniform with the *Citizen Reader*. It will be entitled *The Laws of Everyday Life*, and is intended as a reader for the upper standards of elementary schools and for use in night schools. A revised edition is now printing of the *Citizen Reader*, for which a number of new illustrations have been prepared. This work has attained a circulation of upwards of 50,000 copies in less than two years.

WE understand that the Autotype facsimile of the Black Book of Carmarthen is now ready for the binders. The work, which is limited to 250 copies, forms Vol. II. of the Series of Welsh Texts, and will be issued to subscribers only by Mr. J. G. Evans, 7, Clarendon Villas, Oxford.

THE new work by Prof. Roberts, of St. Andrews, entitled *Greek, the Language of Christ and His Apostles*, is now nearly ready. It will be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, announce that, by special arrangement with Prof. Franz Delitzsch, they will publish next year a translation of his *Neuer Commentar über die Genesis*, which was reviewed in the last number of the ACADEMY.

WE learn from the *Pioneer* that Lala Kashi Nath Khattri has undertaken to produce a

translation of Sir Alfred Lyall's *Asiatic Studies* for the Aryan Patriotic Association of Sirsa. The committee of the Rohilkhand Patriotic Association, represented by Pundit Ganesh Prasad Chouba, late Chief Justice of Kashmir, have offered an honorarium of £25 to the translator, that sum having been subscribed by several native gentlemen of the district.

A TRANSLATION of Herr Karl Emil Franzos's well-known novel *Ein Kampf ums Recht* will be published immediately, in one volume, by Messrs. James Clarke & Co., with a preface by Dr. George Macdonald. The translation has been made by Miss Julie Sutter.

*Half-Hours with the Early Fathers* is the title of a new volume by the Rev. C. H. Leonard, of Bristol, which will be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock almost immediately.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish immediately a novel, in 3 volumes, by Philip Gaskell, entitled *A Lion among the Ladies*.

MR. SPENCER BLACKETT will publish early in December the second year's issue of *The Playgoer's Pocket-Book*, considerably enlarged and improved, and illustrated with upwards of seventy portraits and sketches of scenes and characters from all the plays of the year.

TINSLEYS'S Christmas Annual, entitled *Stars and Sparkles*, written by Miss Lily Tinsley, will be issued immediately.

AN important contribution to the history of playing-cards was made by Mr. George Clulow in a paper read before the Sette of Odd Volumes at Willis's Rooms on Friday last, December 2. In particular, it disposed of some of the popularly received notions as to their origin and chronology. A large collection of examples from Mr. Clulow's remarkable collection of playing-cards was exhibited during the evening.

IN the second number of the *Annals of Botany*, just published by the Clarendon Press, Prof. Bayley Balfour makes a timely protest against the current mistake whereby the "coco-nut," the fruit of the *cocopalme*, is erroneously spelt "cocoa," and thus confounded with the produce of the *Theobroma cacao* of tropical America. He shows, from quotations supplied by Dr. Murray, that "coco" is the original and proper name, and was always used by the early writers; and that the spelling "cocoa" appears to have originated with the erroneous notion of Dr. Johnson that cocoa and chocolate were made out of coco-nuts, which caused him to confound the two words in his Dictionary under the spelling "cocoa," although he afterwards rejected his own lexicographical authority and correctly used "coco," plural "cocoas," in his *Life of Drake*. But his erroneous precept was more powerful than his correction in practice; and, though botanists long stuck to "coco-nut," the uninformed *vox populi* went in for "cocoa-nut." Prof. Balfour calls upon botanists to unite in putting an end to the blunder, and to use the correct spelling "coco," as the Laureate has done in "Enoch Arden":

"The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes." and as "careful writers" and "those who know," actually do.

WE regret to record the sudden death of that charming writer, Miss Margaret Veley, which took place at West Kensington on December 7. Her first novel to attract attention was "For Percival," which appeared in the *Cornhill* during 1877; and her last work, we believe, was "A Garden of Memories" in the *English Illustrated Magazine* last year, since republished with two other stories in volume form. All her work was marked by freshness of sentiment and delicacy of expression.



## UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD has been elected professor of music at Cambridge, in succession to the late Sir George Macfarren.

MR. THOMAS WILLIAM ALLEN, of Queen's College—to whom the ACADEMY is indebted for several contributions on Greek palaeography—has been elected to the Craven fellowship at Oxford. Since the reconstitution of the Craven trust, the fellowship has become not a mere prize, but an endowment for research, after the pattern of the Radcliffe travelling fellowships in physical science, which have yielded such good results. The value is £200 for two years; and the holder is required to spend eight months of each year in study abroad.

THE Craven fellow of last year, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, of Magdalen—the first on the new system—has recently submitted a report of his work. After spending some time at the British School of Athens, he visited Salonica to copy inscriptions, and then accompanied Prof. W. M. Ramsay on an archaeological journey through Asia Minor. He has since been working in the museums of Constantinople, Vienna, and Berlin. The special subject that he has chosen for study is the history of Alexander's empire.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. Coutts Trotter, fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, for many years tutor and lecturer in physics, and at the time of his death vice-master of the college. But his name will be held in remembrance still more for his services to the university at large. Since 1874 he has been a member of the council of the senate; and to his reforming zeal and administrative capacity is largely due the marked success of recent changes in the academical system—notably the increased study of the physical sciences.

MR. GEORGE SIMMS, of Broad Street—whose name is well known to many generations of Oxford men—will read a paper at an early meeting of the Architectural and Historical Society upon "The Defences of the City during the Civil War." He claims to have found abundant remains of the earthworks thrown up not only by the defenders but also by the Parliamentary army. *Inter alia*, he maintains that the ruins at Godstow date from this time.

THE following is the text of the address from Oxford to Prof. Mommsen:

"Viro doctissimo Theodoro Mommseno natalicia septuagesima gratulantur alumni Oxonienses LXII., die xxx. mensis Novembris MDCCCLXXXVII. Nomina qui subscripsimus, Academiae Oxoniensis graduati, Theodoro Mommseno septuagesimum natalem adepto pie et laeto animo gratulamur, ingentem tuam laudem, quam de antiquorum litteris tam praeclare meritis es, testantes, sicut id nunc universitatis doctorum comprobavit assensio. Patere te nos quod confirmamus edoceri, nusquam illa merita neque ab ullis majoris aestimari quam inter nos aestimantur, quos ut vivendo diu adjuves institutione tua et exemplo speramus et precamur."

THE *Transactions of the Oxford Philological Society* for 1886-87 have been published in pamphlet form by the Clarendon Press. The papers, in accordance with a fundamental rule of the society, deal solely with Greek and Latin. Prof. Nettleship writes on the recent theories of Keller and Havet about the Saturnian verse, himself maintaining the old view that the basis of the metre is quantitative, though modified by the influence of Oxford. The most important historical papers are those by Mr. Pelham, on "The Provincial Organisation of Gaul and Spain"; and by Mr. Macan, on "The Significance of the Lot in Ancient Athens" and on "The Political Constitution of Coreysa in 433 B.C." Mr. Prickard contributes notes on Horace, *Epistle*, II. 2; Mr. R. L. Clarke on Vergil, *Eclogues*, I. and IX; Mr. J. Cook Wilson on some passages in Plato's *Republic* and Aristotle's *Ethics*; and Mr. Haigh on a passage in Isaeus.

## ORIGINAL VERSE.

AN APRIL DAY.

BREEZES strongly rushing when the north-west  
stirs,  
Propheysing summer to the shaken firs;  
Blowing brows of forest, when soft airs are free,  
Crowned with heavenly spaces of the shining sea;  
Buds and breaking blossoms that sunny April  
yields,  
Ferns and fairy grasses, the children of the fields;  
In the fragrant hedges hollow brambled gloom,  
Pure primroses paling into perfect bloom;  
Round the elm's rough stature climbing bright  
and high,  
Ivy-fringes trembling against a golden sky;  
Woods and windy ridges darkening in the glow,  
The rosy sunset bathing all the vale below;  
Violet-banks forsaken in the fading light,  
Starry sadness filling the quiet eyes of night;  
Dew on all things drooping for the summer rains,  
Dewy daisies folding in the lonely lanes.

R. L. BINYON.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

PERHAPS the very best thing in an exceptionally good number of *Macmillan* is Miss Probyn's little poem headed "Uncertainties," though we see no great felicity in the choice of the title. Next to this what most takes our fancy is Mr. Augustine Birrell's sparkling paper on "Authors in Court." Mrs. Oliphant, writing of the author of "John Halifax," and Mr. Henry James, writing of Emerson, will be sure to attract many readers; and the articles will not disappoint expectation. The recently published life of "Ferguson the Plotter" is very ably reviewed, the writer's conclusion being that the attempt to reverse the judgment of history on this notorious intriguer has signally failed, though the great interest of the book is fully acknowledged. An anonymous paper on "Social Oxford" is well worth reading, and Mr. H. S. Salt writes not uninterestingly on "Moultrie's Poems." The number contains the opening chapters of a novel by Mr. W. E. Norris, entitled "Chris," which seems to promise well.

*Blackwood* has nothing very noteworthy this month, except the first instalment of M. Charles Yriarte's paper on "The life of Caesar Borgia," as illustrated by recently discovered documents. The Marquis of Lorne's Maltese ghost story looks at first like a genuine personal experience, but before the reader comes to the end he discovers it to be a feeble imitation of Poe. The articles on "Hannah More," "Literary Voluptuaries," "Rabbits in Australia," and "The Academical Oarsman," are readable, but not of striking merit. On the political articles it is not our custom to remark; but we should like to know whether the reference to "a case of undistributed muddle" on p. 864 is a bad joke of the writer's, or a very good joke on the part of the compositor.

IN the *Expositor* for December Prof. Westcott concludes his attractive essays on the Revised Version of the New Testament, and Prof. Cheyne begins a rapid survey of that of the Book of Isaiah; Prof. Findlay discusses the reference to Titus in Gal. ii. 1-5; Dr. Dods sketches Malachi and his times; and Prof. Salmond gives a very useful account of recent foreign literature on the New Testament.

MR. G. LAURENCE GOMME has made the subject of Open Air Assemblies peculiarly his own. His paper in the December number of the *Antiquary* is little more than a collection of new material; but it is a gathering made by one who knows what to reject as well as what to preserve. Vestiges of the old open air courts remain in so many widely separated places that it must now be obvious to every-

one that they are really survivals from a very remote period, not, as some have imagined, customs due to merely local influences. A strange rite, it seems, is, or was, recently performed at Thornton, near Sherborne, Dorsetshire. The tenants of the manor are accustomed on a certain day to go before twelve o'clock at noon to a certain tombstone in the churchyard and deposit in a hole therein the sum of five shillings. This is held to bar the lord of the manor from taking tithes of hay during the year. It would be interesting if this custom could be explained. The tithes were, of course, at one time due to the Church, and we apprehend the five shillings was originally a voluntary offering made in lieu thereof. Mr. P. Hampson Ditchfield communicates an amusing paper on "Hawking," which, however, does not, so far as we can see, contain new knowledge. Sir J. H. Ramsay concludes his notices of the accounts of King Edward IV. The labour of working them out must have been very great. These papers will be invaluable to anyone writing a history of English finance.

## BOHN'S SHILLING LIBRARY OF STANDARD WORKS.

FORTY-ONE years ago Mr. Bohn commenced that series of books which, in the opinion of Emerson, "have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse." The continued favour in which the Libraries are still held is attested by the fact that they have been increased year by year, until they now number 700 volumes, and have had a sale from the commencement of about 4,000,000 volumes. The proprietors, however, feel that a time has come at which they may make the more important works of standard literature accessible to a still larger section of the public; and with this object they purpose publishing, under the above title, a series of smaller and cheaper volumes, each complete so far as it goes, comprising select works of English and foreign literature. The text will in all cases be printed without abridgment; and where introductions, biographical notices, and notes are likely to be of use to the student, they will be given. The volumes, well printed and on good paper, will be issued at 1s. in paper covers, and 1s. 6d. in cloth.

On January 1 will be published (1) Bacon's *Essays*, with introduction and notes; (2) Lessing's *Laokoön*, Beasley's translation, revised, with introduction, notes, and synopsis of contents; (3) Dante's *Inferno*, translated, with notes, by the Rev. H. F. Cary. These will be followed, at intervals of a fortnight, by Goethe's *Faust*, Part I., translated, with introduction, by Anna Swanwick; *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith's *Plays*, Plato's *Apology*, Hauff's *Caravan*, Molière's *Plays*, Helps's *Life of the late Thomas Brassey*, Stewart's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, &c., &c.

## THE KAMA SHASTRA SOCIETY.

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON has just issued to his subscribers the third volume of his "Supplemental Nights," the printing of which was delayed through his illness during the early part of the year. We are glad, however, to say that the latest reports of his health are much better. Among his recent visitors at Trieste was Dr. Schliemann, who has now begun archaeological explorations in the island of Cythera. Sir Richard himself intends to pass the winter at Fiume, where the climate is less trying than at Trieste. He hopes to come to England in May, bringing with him the MS. of the fifth and last volume of the "Supplemental Nights." The fourth volume is already in the hands of the printers to the Kama Shashtra Society.

This third volume of the "Supplemental Nights" was originally intended to be the fourth; but the order has been altered on account of the difficulties which Sir Richard experienced in transcribing the Wortley Montague MS. in the Bodleian, as narrated by himself in the ACADEMY of November 13, 1886. Students, however, will not regret the change, in consideration of their delight at here finding for the first time the true Oriental version of "Aladdin," which has hitherto only been known through Galland's French. As Sir Richard announced in the ACADEMY of January 22, 1887, an Arabic original of "Aladdin" and some other tales was quite recently purchased for the Bibliothèque Nationale by M. Hermann Zotenberg, who will shortly publish a full bibliographical description of his discovery. Meanwhile, he has placed a copy of the MS. at Sir Richard's disposal; and from this the translation of "Aladdin," or rather, "Allaeddin," has been made. "Ali Baba" is another of the most familiar of the "Arabian Nights" stories, for which no Arabic original has yet been found. In order to produce a genuine Orientalised version of this, Sir Richard has had recourse to the following device. After much searching in vain among Persian and Turkish MSS., he at last found a Hindustani version containing the missing tales, which Mr. J. F. Blumhardt, of Cambridge, helped to English. He was thus enabled to escape from the plan he had originally contemplated—of turning Galland's French into Arabic, and then translating that.

In addition to these welcome novelties, the volume is noticeable for its bulk, for Sir Richard generally gives his subscribers more than he promised. We have here the popular English form of Galland's "Aladdin," to compare with the version now first made from the original Arabic; and also an appendix of about 100 pages, contributed by Mr. W. A. Clouston, which describes in detail the variants and analogues of all the tales in the volume.

In the meantime, the Kama Shashtra Society has begun a fresh undertaking—the production of a literal and unexpurgated translation of three famous Persian works:—(1) The *Gulistân*, or "Rose Garden," of Sa'di (A.D. 1258), which may be called not unfamiliar in incomplete versions; (2) the *Nigârîstân*, or "Picture Gallery," of Mu'in-uddîn Jawini (A.D. 1334), which has never been translated into any Western language; and (3) the *Behâristân*, or "Abode of Spring," of Jâmi (A.D. 1487), of which one chapter or "garden" was translated a few years ago by Mr. C. E. Wilson, under the title of *Persian Wit and Humour* (Chatto & Windus, 1883). For a popular account of these authors and their rank in Persian literature, we may refer our readers to a little volume published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch in the early part of the present year called *Persian Portraits*. Of the three translations which the Karma Shashtra Society propose to issue to a very limited number of subscribers, the *Behâristân* of Jâmi—the latest in date but the greatest in reputation—is now ready. It forms a volume of less than 200 pages, with a few notes.

#### THE LATE MR. JOHN HIRST'S LIBRARY.

DURING the nine days from December 14 to December 23 Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library which the late Mr. John Hirst, J.P. of Ladbroke, Dobeross, Lancashire, had collected during a great number of years. It is an astonishing and at the same time a very creditable circumstance that a gentleman of the activity of the late Mr. Hirst, who up to the time of his death was an industrious woollen and cotton manufacturer, not only found time to collect such a number of books, but, as we can personally testify, that he himself used and

enjoyed these books. Libraries in general reflect to a certain extent the minds of their makers. Being without the advantages of any academical education, Mr. Hirst used to say "I always wish to know what others know," and he collected his books accordingly. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that we cannot attribute any specific character to his library, though we find in it some sort of system which guided his mind while collecting.

As a staunch Churchman, his attention was, of course, first directed to the Bible, and several rare specimens are brought to market; likewise books on theology and its branches extending over all denominations and sects, several with marginal notes of great writers, such as Melancthon. There may be mentioned also an important collection of MSS., which, it is to be hoped, will not go out of England. As a prominent magistrate, Mr. Hirst naturally gave to the topography of England, and more especially that of his nearest counties—Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire—an adequate place in his library. These books it was that gave him such intimate local knowledge, and rendered him particularly fitted for an arbitrator in the numerous cases he was constantly asked to decide. Finally, as a business man, and a man of the world, he directed his eyes upon history and biography, voyages and travels, transactions of learned societies, and on books of science, principally relating to his own calling in life. That he did not neglect art may be seen from his portfolios of engravings on copper, steel, and wood; and that he did not omit the literature of the world, from a great quantity of standard authors in various languages.

L. S.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BEITRÄGE, Wiener, zur deutschen u. englischen Philologie. III. John Heywood als Dramatiker. Von W. Swoboda. Wien: Braumüller. 3 M.  
DELABORDE, Le Vicomte H. Marc-Antoine Raimondi: étude historique et critique. Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 40 M.  
DUMÉ, J. Die Domkuppel in Florenz u. die Kuppel der Peterskirche in Rom. Berlin: Ernst. 10 M.  
FEISTMANTZ, O. Die Theatralen in Britisch-Ostindien im 50. Jahre ihres Bestandes. Prag: Calve. 2 M.  
FLÜGEL, E. Thomas Carlyles religiöse u. sittliche Entwicklung u. Weltanschauung. Leipzig: Grunow. 5 M.  
FRIMMEL, Th. Neue Beethoveniana. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 10 M.  
GRANGES DE SURGÈRES, le Marquis de. Iconographie bretonne. T. I. Paris: Picard. 10 fr.  
KARPELES, G. Heinrich Heine u. seine Zeitgenossen. Berlin: Lehmann. 4 M.  
SYBEL, L. v. Weltgeschichte der Kunst bis zur Erbauung der Sophienkirche. Marburg: Elwert. 12 M.

##### THEOLOGY.

- WAHLE, G. F. Das Evangelium nach Johannes ausgelegt. Gotha: Perthes. 12 M.

##### HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- ALBERDINGKE THIJM, P. P. M. Geschichte der Wohltätigkeitsanstalten in Belgien von Karl dem Grossen bis zum 16. Jahrh. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 4 M.  
BOETTCHER, A. Die Akropolis v. Athen. Nach den Berichten der Alten u. den neuesten Forschungen. Berlin: Springer. 20 M.  
DE NOLHAC, P. La Bibliothèque de Fulvio Orsini. Paris: Vieweg. 15 fr.  
ENGEL, A., et R. SERRURE. Répertoire des sources imprimées de la numismatique française. Paris: Leroux. 30 fr. (complete).  
FESTOGABER zum Doktor-Jubiläum d. Herrn Geh. Rathes u. Prof. Dr. J. J. W. v. Planck, v. der Juristen-Facultät zu München überreicht. München: Kaiser. 9 M.  
GUTSCHMID, A. v. Geschichte Irans u. seiner Nachbarländer von Alexander dem Grossen bis zum Untergang der Arsaciden. Tübingen: Laupp. 4 M.  
HARRISSE, H. Christophe Colomb et Savone; Verzellino et ses Mémoires. Genoa: Donath. 5 fr.  
KLOPF, O. Der Fall des Hauses Stuart u. die Succession d. Hauses Hannover in England u. Irland. 14. Bd. Die Jahre 1711–1714. Wien: Braumüller. 19 M.  
POST, A. H. Afrikanische Jurisprudenz. Ethnologisch-juristische Beiträge zur Kenntnis der einheimischen Rechte Afrikas. Oldenburg: Schulze. 10 M.  
REGESTEN zur Geschichte der Juden im fränkischen u. deutschen Reiche bis zum Jahre 1273. Bearb. v. J. Aronius. 1. Lfg. Bis zum J. 1033. Berlin: Simion. 3 M. 20 Pf.

- ZANGEMEISTER, K. Theodor Mommsen als Schriftsteller. Heidelberg: Winter. 4 M.  
ZHEISHMAN, J. v. Das Stifterrecht in der morgenländischen Kirche. Wien: Holder. 2 M. 80 Pf.

##### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BURGERSTEIN, A. Materialien zu e. Monographie betr. die Erscheinungen der Transpiration der Pflanzen. Wien: Holder. 1 M. 20 Pf.  
BURMESTER, L. Lehrbuch der Kinematik. 1. Bd. Die ebene Bewegung. 3. Lfg. Leipzig: Felix. 23 M.  
HAECKEL, E. Die Radiolarien (Rhizopoda radiaria). 2. Thl. Grundriss e. allgemeinen Naturgeschichte der Radiolarien. Berlin: Reimer. 60 M.  
HANDLICH, A. Monographie der m. Nysson u. Bombez verwandten Graswespen. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 4 M.  
KAFKA, J. Die Süßwasserbryozoen Böhmens. Prag: Rivaac. 2 M. 40 Pf.  
KEENER, v. MARILAU, A. Pflanzenleben. 1. Bd. Gestalt u. Leben der Pflanze. Leipzig: Meyer. 16 M.  
RIBBECK, W. L. Annäus Seneca der Philosoph, u. sein Verhältnis zu Epikur, Plato u. dem Christentum. Hannover: Goedel. 2 M.  
ROLLETT, A. Beiträge zur Physiologie der Muskeln. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 11 M. 20 Pf.  
UHLE, M. Üb. die ethnologische Bedeutung der malatischen Zahnfeilung. Berlin: Friedländer. 3 M.

##### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ABEL, C. Gegen Herrn Prof. Erman. Zwei ägyptolog. Antikritiken. Leipzig: Friedrich. 1 M.  
ERMAN, A. Aegypten u. ägyptisches Leben im Altertum. 2. Bd. Tübingen: Laupp. 9 M.  
JUBELSSCHRIFT, zum siebzigsten Geburtstage d. Prof. Dr. H. Graetz. Breslau: Schottländer. 7 M. 50 Pf.  
MERGUET, H. Lexikon zu den Schriften Cicero's. 2. Thl. Lexicon zu dem philosophischen Schriften. 1. Hft. Jena: Fischer. 3 M.  
MYSTÈRE de Sainte Barbe: tragédie bretonne. Introduction et dictionnaire étymologique du Breton moyen, par E. Ernault. Paris: Thorin. 24 fr.  
PÄNINI'S Grammatik. Hrag., übers., erläutert etc. v. O. Böhtlingk. 10. Lfg. Leipzig: Haessel. 6 M.  
REGNAUD, P. Origine et philosophie du langage. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50 c.  
SCHÖPF, S. Beiträge zur Biographie u. zur Chronologie der Lieder d. Troubadours Peire Vidal. Breslau: Koebner. 1 M. 20 Pf.  
STUDIER, Königsberger. Historisch-philolog. Untersuchgn. 1. Hft. Königsberg: Hübner. 6 M.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### AN AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN HARVARD.

Dec. 5, 1887.

Those who are acquainted with the biography of John Harvard, founder of Harvard College, are, of course, well aware of two facts: one being that the only writing of his hitherto known is that preserved in a record deposited in the Registry of the University of Cambridge, consisting of two autograph signatures; the other that he and his brother Thomas jointly held certain property by lease from the Hospital of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London.

It appears desirable to record in the ACADEMY that a third signature has now been found, the discovery of which was on this wise. At the suggestion of the writer, and with the kind and ready assent of the hospital authorities, search was made among their muniments, under the direction of Sir Arnold W. White, Chapter Clerk. The result was the unearthing of the original counterpart lease, dated July 29, 1635, by which the hospital demised to "John Harvard Clerke and Thomas Harvard Cittizen and Clothworker of London," certain tenements in the parish of Allhallows, Barking; and the counterpart is executed by John Harvard and Thomas Harvard.

There is one circumstance which invests the present discovery with peculiar value and interest. The document containing the signature has not passed into the domain of antiquarian curiosity; it has not been picked up for an old song, to be resold for a large sum at a literary auction; nor have we to trace its history from one person to another, as best we can, during a period of two centuries and a half, because it is to-day in the same custody to which it was committed the moment the ink was dry from the pens of the brothers Harvard.

It is very agreeable to be able to conclude with the statement that, thanks to permission courteously accorded, facsimiles of the entire



document, which measures some seventeen inches by twenty, are now being executed. They will be of the full size of the original, and will leave nothing to be desired in style of production. D.

## THE COUNTESS LUCY.

London: Dec. 3, 1887.

I propose, in this letter, to trace, as briefly as possible, the solutions offered, up to the present moment, for that difficulty which, according to Mr. De Gray Birch, has "long been felt in English history." The time has, perhaps, now come when their points can be recapitulated with advantage.

So far back as 1826, Sir Francis Palgrave, in the *Quarterly Review*, delivered a slashing attack on the so-called Chronicle of Ingulf, denouncing it as "a mere monkish invention," and as "little better than a historical novel" (xxxiv. 294).

In his introduction to the Record Commission's *Records illustrating the History of Scotland*, Sir Francis thus returned to the subject:—"I have shown on another occasion that there are the strongest reasons for supposing that the chronicle which passes under the name of Ingulfus is spurious," &c. (pp. cvi.-cvii). But the "Lucy" problem he left untouched.

In the meanwhile, Messrs. Bowles and J. G. Nichols, in their *Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey* (1835), repeated all the old story of Lucy without hesitation, in treating of "the family of Romora," just as Sir Henry Ellis, in his *Introduction to Domesday* (1833) had accepted in full (i. 490) the worst of all the "Lucy" authorities, namely, the blundering genealogy in *Monasticon* (iii. 192). But at this point intervened the great authority on Anglo-Norman genealogy, Mr. Stapleton. His communications to Mr. Nichols resulted in the latter's recantation, and in the addition to the book of a special *excursus* (pp. 65-79) signed by Mr. Nichols, but based, avowedly, on Mr. Stapleton's notes. Alluding to the criticisms of Palgrave and Petrie, Mr. Stapleton showed that the feat of the Countess Lucy was "physically impossible." But the mistake he made, as did those who followed him, was this. He ought to have seen that this "paradox" (as shown in my last letter) was caused solely by the acceptance of two statements of fact, of which one is a blunder which a moment's reflection would dispose of, while the other rests on no proof. Instead of attacking these props of the paradox, he boldly cut the Gordian knot by a new judgment of Solomon; and, dividing the unfortunate Lucy in two, he bestowed half of her on Yvo Taillebois, and the other half on Roger FitzGerold and the Earl of Chester as co-parceners:

"There can, therefore, be little doubt that there were two Lucias, the second the daughter of the first (p. 71). "It appears probable that the Countess Lucia was the daughter of Taillebois, instead of his wife" (p. 65).

Thus was Lucy first "dimidiated" more than fifty years ago.

Mr. Stapleton urged at the same time that Roger (*sic*) FitzGerold was identical with Robert (*sic*) FitzGerold of Domesday; and that William de Romara, the castellan of Neufmarché in 1118, was his son by "the younger" Lucy. Both these hypotheses were erroneous, and the former was clearly abandoned afterwards by Mr. Nichols and himself.

The theory thus started of a mother and daughter Lucy was thenceforth given as fact by Mr. Stapleton (*Norman Exchequer Rolls*, 1844, II. clii.), and repeated by Mr. Nichols in 1841 (*Col. Top. et Gen.* vii. 130), and in a learned and able paper on "The Earldom of Lincoln" in 1846, for the article is plainly his (*Top. et Gen.*, vol. i.). Again, in his paper read

at Lincoln in 1848, Mr. Nichols upheld the same view, though this was by no means (as Mr. Freeman implies) the birth of the hypothesis. Mr. Nichols however, only spoke of it as "the most probable explanation" of the great Lucy difficulty.

Now, I boldly assert that the double Lucy was as yet an unauthorised guess. Dismissing the obvious blunder of the *Monasticon* writer (iii. 192) her performance ceases to be impossible, and becomes only improbable. If we further reject her being a daughter of Ælfgar, the whole difficulty vanishes; and she may, after all, have been but one, and have had her three husbands.\* Mr. Nichols, however, oddly enough, accepted throughout the statement of the "monkish historians" (being those quoted by Mr. Birch) that Ælfgar was her father. And in this he was followed by Palgrave (*Normandy and England*, 1864, iii. 472).

But, meanwhile, an advance had been made. In the introduction to the volume of Pipe Rolls for Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, published at Newcastle by the Messrs. Hodgson (probably a clue to the writer) in 1847, it was denied on "authentic evidence" that Ælfgar was Lucy's father (because Ordericus gives Ealdgyth as his only daughter); and it was urged that his sons' possessions, which, according to our friends the "monkish historians," passed to her, were, in fact, "distributed among a host of Norman adventurers" (p. xvii.). It was further, apparently for the first time, urged that (1) the Countess Lucy is entered as paying a fine "for livery of her father's lands"; (2) that the fief of Yvo Taillebois is found in the *Testa* in possession of William de Roumare, which it could only be if Lucy was the daughter, not the widow, of Yvo (pp. xvii.-xviii.). This argument was repeated in 1859 by Mr. Hodgson Hinde in his paper on the early history of Cumberland (*Arch. Journ.*, xvi. 230); and, if the statement as to the *Testa* be strictly correct (a point which Mr. Eyton's Lincolnshire MSS. would at once decide), we have here a real argument for the existence of a double Lucy.

But, except for this argument, there is nothing, I contend, to prove the fact; for the Stapleton-Nichols hypothesis is nothing but a guess to explain a difficulty, which difficulty does not, in fact, exist, the two statements upon which it rests being both unworthy of credit.

So late as 1870, in his "second edition, revised," Mr. Freeman still wrote of Lucy: "I know of nothing to connect her either with Yvo Taillebois or with the House of Leofric" (ii. 631); but in the third edition (1877), the words I have italicised were tacitly omitted, and the "mother and daughter Lucy" hypothesis fully adopted (ii. 682). But its first appearance in the *Norman Conquest* is probably to be found in a footnote (vol. iv., p. 472) in 1871. Mr. Freeman there wrote that "Mr. Nichols has made it clear . . . that Ivo's wife, Lucy, was a kinswoman at once of William Malet and the Sheriff Thorold. . . . The younger Lucy, the countess, was her daughter by Ivo." Reference may also be made to *William Rufus* (ii. 549), and to an appendix on "the English connexions of William Malet" in the second edition of vol. iii. (pp. 776-781) of the *Conquest* (1875).

Allusion should here be made to the learned paper of Mr. Riley (1862) on "the History and Charters of Ingulfus" (*Arch. Journ.*, xix., 32, 114), though it is rather valuable for its criticism than germane to the present issue.

\* Messrs. Stapleton and Nichols, somewhat disingenuously, referred, in their lack of evidence, to a statement of "Peter of Blois" as to her having a daughter by Yvo Taillebois. They omitted to add that this daughter is specially said to have died young and childless.

To sum up. The Stapleton-Nichols hypothesis (1835), though too readily accepted, was premature, and a needless guess. The fresh arguments advanced in 1847 have created a real probability that there were two distinct Lucies, mother and daughter. The evidence available is so limited that no further progress, so far as I know, has been really made since. In any case, however, the "difficulties" to which Mr. Birch alludes—namely, the "physiological paradox" about the Countess Lucy—are caused solely by his own acceptance of the two erroneous statements of fact to which I have referred throughout. Whether we declare for two Lucies, or for one Lucy with three husbands, the rejection of those demonstrably erroneous statements removes the "difficulties" in question.

Criticism, however, is but a vain thing to those to whom one "authority" is as good as another—and better. J. H. ROUND.

## "RASENNA" AND "TURSENOI."

Queen's College, Cork: Nov. 26, 1887.

The name Rasenna depends, so far as I am aware, on one solitary passage in Dionysius of Halicarnassus (i. 30):

αὐτοὶ μὲν τοὶ σφᾶς αὐτοὺς ἀπὸ τῶν ἡγεμόνων τινὲς Ρασένα τὸν αὐτὸν ἐκείνῳ τρόπῳ ὀνομάζουσι.

Reiske's note is as follows:

"Ρασένα Vat. Razenna in versione Lapi. Atque apud Berosum Tyrrhenos a quodam Razenuo Razennos appellatos prodit Syll[urgius]."

I cannot find any such statement in the fragments of Berosus in Müller's *Fragm. Hist. Graec.* Now, according to the *Etymologicum Magnum*, Ταρσηνοί = Τυρσηνοί. A form \*Ταρσηνοί might easily come from Ταρσηνοί (cf. Τρασιμένη beside Ταρσιμένη). The next step might give our form, Ρασηνοί (Ρασένα), always supposing that the word is not corrupt, in which case we should possibly read Τρασένα. Thus, Greek Τυρσηνοί, Lat. E-trus-ci, and Tus-ci (= Turs-ci), are simply foreign attempts to represent the native name. This suggestion seems so obvious that I felt certain that it must have been made long since; but I cannot find it in any of the ordinary books of reference. The article in the *Encyclop. Brit.* treats the Rasena and Tursenoi as two distinct races.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

## A HITTITE SYMBOL.

London: Dec. 5, 1887.

I was not intending to pursue this subject further; but, since my last letter was written, a fact of very considerable importance has presented itself. There is in the British Museum a broken tablet giving ancient Babylonian hieroglyphs with their value in cuneiform characters. Unfortunately, of these hieroglyphs, on which the cuneiform characters are based, we have on this and some other fragments a very small proportion. But, of the few remaining, there is one which is, with regard to the "Hittite symbol," of great interest. This is an equilateral triangle peculiarly formed. It is disappointing to find the cuneiform character which gave the value of the triangle almost entirely broken away. Menant gives *din* "life," having regard, no doubt, to the form of the archaic cuneiform character *din*, which is found still bearing the semblance of an equilateral triangle. Mr. Pinches, whose opinion on a question of this kind is entitled to much consideration, thinks this view of the matter very probable with reference to the small fragment of the character remaining.

But apart from the meaning, the peculiar form of the hieroglyphic equilateral triangle is also important with respect to the "Hittite symbol of life." The two sides are formed very carefully

with doubled lines; the base has only one line. This accentuation of the sides is in accordance with the fact that the base, as such, is dropped in the Hittite symbol, as it is in the analogous symbol on the Cypriote coinage. We have thus evidence tending towards the conclusion—the truth of which has been already suspected—that the Hittite hieroglyphs are essentially connected with those of ancient Babylonia.

Another piece of evidence wearing a similar aspect may be mentioned. When, some seven or eight years ago, my attention was first directed to the Tarkutimme seal, I came to the conclusion that, while the taller cones engraved thereon denote "king," the very much smaller cones have the meaning of "man," "men," these symbols being of phallic origin; and this conviction has been subsequently confirmed. On a very ancient Babylonian inscription which the British Museum some time ago acquired, "king" is represented by a cone of very similar shape, though the lengthening is otherwise effected, and not, as in the Hittite, by mere extension of size. It was formerly thought that the Babylonian symbol is a rude representation of a man or a mummy. But this view—never, perhaps, very probable—is quite inapplicable to the symbol as it appears on the inscription just alluded to. Here, again, we have a point of connexion between the Babylonian and Hittite; though I do not suppose, even if we should ever recover in any considerable proportion the Babylonian hieroglyphs, that we shall find them identical with either of the classes of Hittite which are now known to us.

THOMAS TYLER.

#### STRONG PRATERITES.

London: Dec. 5, 1887.

The humorous coining of strong praterites is much earlier than Artemus Ward's mintage. His first book was published, if I do not mistake, in 1862; but I remember the strong praterites in fashion some ten years earlier, as an indirect result of the application of comparative grammar and philology to the study of English. I was held to have "taken the cake" myself by extemporising the praterite "pope clew" from "to pipe clay."

A PHILOLOGIST.

"MORT," "AMORT."

New York: Nov. 24, 1887.

May I recall that Keats, in the eighth stanza of "The Eve of St. Agnes," uses the word "amort" in the same sense that your correspondent, Mrs. Edmonds, gives it in the ACADEMY of November 12.

CLARENCE COOK.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 12, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Future University of London," I., by Prof. H. Morley.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," III., by Mr. H. H. Statham.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in British North Borneo, 1883-87," by Mr. D. D. Daly.

TUESDAY, Dec. 13, 8 p.m. Anthropological: "The Maori and the Moa," by Mr. E. Tregear; "The Shell-Money of New Britain," by the Rev. B. Danks.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Emigration," by Mr. Walter Hazell.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion: "Electrical Tramways: the Beesbrook and Newry Tramway," by Dr. E. Hopkinson.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Commercial Education," by Sir Philip Magnus.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Shelley's Socialism," by Dr. E. Aveling.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "A New Medium," by Mr. A. D. Michael; "The Generative Organs of Ostracoda," by Mr. T. B. Rooster; "The Genus *Microsternus*," by Mr. W. M. Maskell.

THURSDAY, Dec. 15, 8 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music—II. Combinations," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Chemical: "An Apparatus for Comparison of Colour Tints," by Mr. A. W. Stokes; "The Sulphonation of Naphthalene," by Dr. Armstrong and Mr. W. P. Wynne; "Isomeric Changes in the Naphthalene Series, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4," by Dr. Armstrong and Messrs. Amphlett, Williamson, and Wynne; "The Reduction of Chlorates by the Copper Zinc Couple," "The Oxidation of Oxalic Acid by Potassium Bichromate," and "A Method of separating Supernatant Liquids," by Prof. C. H. Bothamley; "The Alloys of Copper and Antimony and of Copper and Tin," by Dr. E. J. Bell.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Myriopoda of Mergui Archipelago," by Mr. R. J. Pocock; "Devergent Evolution through Cumulative Segregation," by the Rev. J. T. Gulick; "Apogony and Apospory in Trichomanes," by Prof. Bower; "Fertilisation of *Aranjo sericifera*," by Messrs. Johnston and Morgan.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: "Jocelin, Bishop of Bath, 1206-1242," by Canon Church.

FRIDAY, Dec. 16, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "River-gauging at the Vyrnwy Reservoir," by Mr. J. H. Parkin.

8 p.m. Philological: "Volapük," by Mr. K. Dornbusch.

## SCIENCE.

### THE SEPTUAGINT.

*The Old Testament in Greek according to the Septuagint.* Edited by Henry Barclay Swete. Vol. I. Genesis—4 Kings. (Cambridge: University Press.)

*A Handy Concordance of the Septuagint:* giving Various Readings from Codices Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, and Ephraenis, with an Appendix of Words from Origen's "Hexapla," &c. (Bagster.)

THE beautifully printed volume which stands first of these books is the first instalment of an important scheme which was proposed to the syndics of the Cambridge Press so long ago as 1875 by Dr. Scrivener. Dr. Scrivener's own ill-health, which all scholars will have regretted, seems to have been the principal reason for the delay in its execution; but in 1883 it was definitely placed under the direction of Dr. H. B. Swete, who has had the benefit of the advice of a committee nominated by the syndics, and consisting of Dr. Westcott, Dr. Hort, Prof. Kirkpatrick, and Prof. Bensly.

With such a council-board we are not surprised to find that the details of the plan are remarkably practical and well-considered. It was decided to issue first a smaller, manual edition, with a brief *apparatus criticus*, to be followed, as the work can be carried out, by a larger edition, with a fuller, but yet select, *apparatus*, representing all the most important evidence, not only that of MSS., uncials and cursive, but also that of the leading versions and early quotations. A simple dividing-line was taken. The smaller edition was to confine itself to uncials, and was to give the variants of those MSS. only which had been already published in sufficiently reliable form. All the evidence that would require renewed collations was reserved for the large edition. We may be sure that it was only by a limitation of this kind that the publication of the present volume within so short a period was made possible. The text of the two editions was to be the same. In each case it was to be not a mere reprint of any existing edition but the actual text in every case, as nearly as practicable (for there were, of course, obvious clerical errors, &c., to be removed), of the oldest extant MS. Thus B is followed wherever it is extant; where B fails, N; where N fails, A; and so on. By an excellent method—similar to that of Tregelles, and worthy of all imitation—it is shown on the margin of each page what MS. is being

followed, and also in the notes what MSS. are being collated. This is especially necessary in the case of the Septuagint, where so much of the evidence is fragmentary. The reader can also tell by this means (what in so many editions, not merely of the LXX, he is unable to tell) what may be safely inferred *e silentio*. Another feature which deserves special notice is the great care which is used in discriminating (so far as is possible from printed editions or facsimiles) the various hands in the MSS. Two points in particular which might with advantage be copied by future editors are the reserving of the notation B<sup>1</sup> for the *diorthota* of the MS., whether the scribe himself or a contemporary hand, and the use of B<sup>2</sup>, B<sup>3</sup> wherever there is any doubt as to the hand to which the correction is to be referred. As the early correctors of NB have really the value of original MSS. these precautions are by no means superfluous. Equal caution is observed in quoting the readings of Cod. Cottonianus (D), the destruction of which by fire in 1731 was so great a calamity. Fortunately it had been well collated by Grabe before this event; and since the destruction all has been done that was possible with the charred remains. The presenting of the readings of this MS., with those of the Bodleian Genesis (E) and the Ambrosian MS. (F), in so handy and trustworthy a form, would alone entitle this edition to our gratitude.

All that has been said will show that the edition has been executed in the very best style of Cambridge accuracy, which has no superior anywhere; and this is enough to put it at the head of the list of editions for manual use. In the succinct and interesting account of the MSS. and of previous editions, the only thing that it seems to us might be desiderated is a little more generosity in the notice of the really great work of Holmes and Parsons. Those editors were obliged to employ collators all over the world, and their work was, no doubt, unequal; and it may be true that those editors were not completely masters of their vast material; but when shall we see so magnificent an undertaking again? There is a tone of disparagement in Dr. Swete's remarks which one would wish away, and which is hardly in proportion with the treatment of Tischendorf in the next paragraph (*cf.* Wellhausen *ap.* Bleek, *Einleitung*, p. 593, 4<sup>to</sup> Aufl., 1878). Lagarde, too, is another editor with a grand and truly scientific conception, who seems to have met with somewhat less than his due. Nor is the reference to Lagarde quite accurate. He does not answer the question as to the possibility of recovering the three great recensions of Lucian, Hesychius, Eusebius, and Pamphilus, with a simple affirmative. His words are:

"Über Hesych. sind wir zu mangelhaft, über die *kouph* Palæstinus fast gar nicht unterrichtet, und Hesych. durch 725 [= Memphitic and Thebaic versions] und Cyrills citate herzustellen wird noch auf lange Zeit nur unvollständig gelingen" (*Ankündigung e. neuen Ausgabe d. griech. Uebersetz. d. A. T.*, p. 25, Göttingen, 1882).

Excellent as is the work before us, it must not be forgotten that it is, and only claims to be, an *ad interim* edition. In the present stage of Septuagint study, it was inevitable that such an edition should have its draw-



backs, and it is very possible that those drawbacks could not be less than they are. In so unsettled a state of things there were certainly great advantages in printing the text of actual MSS.; but was it best to print simply the oldest? The result is a patchwork text representing a number of different families. Imagine a New Testament text in which a few verses were taken from B, and then a few from D, and then a few from A (for that would be a truer analogy for the result obtained than a combination of B and S)! We should hardly consider this satisfactory. However, such a supposed case is of course an exaggeration, which is only used to show the principle of the procedure in the clearer light. For nearly all the present volume, except the Book of Genesis, B is extant; and in the Book of Genesis there are only a few places where A needs to be supplemented by D. A more serious doubt is raised by the further question, Is B really the nearest to the true text of the Septuagint? Only those who have worked at the Septuagint more directly than the writer of this notice can claim to have done should speak on such a point. But there are signs in the air that the long supremacy of B will be contested, if not shaken. Lagarde has pronounced against it (*ap. Cornill, inf. p. 81*); and Cornill, in the closest analysis which has as yet been published of any portion of the text of the Old Testament, has expressed the opinion that B is an extract from Origen's "Hexapla" made at Caesarea, and formed by leaving out the passages marked with an asterisk as interpolations (*Ezechiel, p. 81, Leipzig, 1886*). Now if that were so, it would not indeed lose all its value—for Origen probably made use of good MSS., and his text would therefore have a good base; but it would lose much of its value. Well as Origen's work was calculated to serve his immediate purpose, the object which he had in view was different from ours. He wished to improve the text of the Septuagint by bringing it more into conformity with the original Hebrew. We wish not to improve it, but to find out what the text of the Septuagint originally was. In the search for this, a good MS. of the *κοινή* would really help us more. It would be premature to assume that Cornill's conclusion was proved. It will need to be tested in other books beside Ezekiel; but it is at least a hypothesis which has an important bearing on the criticism of the Septuagint, and especially upon the plan of the Cambridge edition.

A word of warning is, perhaps, necessary to point out that, however true Cornill's theory might prove to be, it would lend but little support to the view that the text of B in the New Testament is also based upon the critical labours of Origen. There was no Hexapla of the New Testament. And this supposed relation of the text of B to Origen in the New Testament is disproved (1) by the absence from B of the most distinctively Origenian readings; and (2) by the fact that many of the readings in which it coincides were certainly older than Origen's time. The text of the New Testament and of the Old Testament must be treated separately, each on its own merits, and so far as possible without prejudice brought from the one to the other. All that it is sought to do here

is to express the hope that the Cambridge editor, in carrying out his admirable work on the larger scale, will not commit himself too much in advance, and that the framing of his text will be considered with as much care as the details of his apparatus.

The anonymous Concordance, published by a firm to which students of the Bible owe much, is an honest, thorough, and useful piece of work so far as it goes. In order to justify the title—*A Handy Concordance*—many limitations were necessary. It was decided to give up the attempt to represent the different renderings of different Hebrew words, as in Trommius, and the confusing variations in proper names. Pronouns and prepositions were also omitted; nor was it possible to add the *lemmata*, or short extracts containing the indexed word, which are given by Trommius and Bruder. These were all omissions which could not well have been avoided; but by far the most regrettable of the omissions, from a scientific point of view, is that of the Apocrypha. In any attempt to form an induction as to the meaning of a word the Apocrypha is most important. It is perfectly true, as urged in the preface, that Trommius could not be followed, and that the whole work would have had to be done afresh from the beginning. But something very like this must have been done already for the Canonical Books; and it was clearly not from the labour that the editor shrank. However, the inclusion of the Apocrypha must, no doubt, have caused delay; and it will be remedied before long in the Concordance, which is about to be published by the Clarendon Press. The great point in a work like this was that the references should be accurate; and this they seem to be in a very high degree. On comparing carefully with Trommius eleven words taken from different parts of the volume, not one of the lists of references was found to be without some correction. Of course, in many cases the correction only consisted in adapting the versing to Tischendorf's edition of 1880, which was taken as a standard; but, besides these, there were a number of real corrections and no less than twelve additions—not counting some fifty new examples under the single word *περισπόρια*, which had been all thrown together in one general statement by Trommius. The points verified with Tischendorf were all equally satisfactory. And not less striking than this conspicuous accuracy was the modesty which laid so little claim to it. The book is especially adapted for use along with Trommius, or by those for whom Trommius, or the forthcoming Clarendon Press edition, may be too expensive.

W. SANDAY.

#### SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

*Mélanges Renier*: Recueil de Travaux publiés par l'Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes en Mémoire de son Président Léon Renier. (Paris: Vieweg.) As the admirers of Dr. Mommsen published some years ago a volume of *Commemorations* in his honour, so the admirers and the grateful pupils of the late M. Léon Renier have joined together to do honour to his memory by a collection of thirty-five essays; and these go far toward realising the wish of M. Renier—"replacer la science française au niveau qui lui appartient." M. Ernest Desjardins gives a

very pleasing sketch of M. Renier's early struggles, his adventures in Africa, his services to epigraphy, and his well-deserved honours. He tells also of his co-operation with M. Duruy in founding the Ecole Pratique, and claims, as among his services to the cause of learning, "le sérieux et la conscience ramenés dans l'érudition," and, as it were, a "transfusion du sang qui a rajeuni l'Université et la science française." The papers themselves here published are unequal in length and importance, but they are all marked with that bright charm of style which it is so much easier to admire than to copy. The topics treated are very various, and we have not space to do them justice; but every taste in literary or historical study seems to be consulted. There is Persian matter, and Egyptian; there is a paper on points of Sanscrit grammar, and one on teaching children to read by alphabetical cakes. The Dorian tribes in Crete, early Christian usages, Cyrus the Great, and the *communio* of the Middle Ages, occur among the subjects. Nor is palaeography neglected. We find a paper on some Greek palimpsests in Paris, and one on a fragment of Virgil (Bibl. Nat. Latin 7906), which seems to support some modern conjectures, while it also contains some of the readings mentioned, though not preferred, by Servius. This report (by M. Emile Chatelain) holds out hope that discoveries of value may yet be made in the National Library, which "semble avoir été délaissée en ce qui concerne les manuscrits de Virgile." M. Félix Robion, using Egyptian documents, decides that the teaching of Pythagoras was original as to the theory of numbers, but owed much to Egypt in morals and religion. The comparison with Egyptian material is striking, but might be held to be vitiated by our real uncertainty as to the teaching of the Master. Our material is defective on the Greek side. M. Jules Nicole has been looking for some trace in ancient literature of the ridicule which must have overtaken Athenaeus for saying that Dercylidas was nicknamed *σκύφος*, for his cunning (p. 500 C.). Casaubon corrected this to *Σκυφος*, from Xen. *Hell.* 3.1.8; and now M. Nicole finds an echo of the contemporary laughter at the blunder in Lucian, *Vola* 21, *ὁ σκύφος ἀλλὰ Σισυφόντι βάρος*. But how is this possible if, as is generally said, Athenaeus did not publish till after 228, while Lucian died at latest in 200? M. Nicole tries to amend these dates. What is the evidence for the date of Athenaeus's publication? The appearance in the dialogue of one Ulpianus, identified with the juriconsult who was butchered in 228. But his character, as sketched, does not quite suit, and the remark, *ἀπέθανεν εὐτυχῶς*, is not too applicable to the victim of a mutiny. The Ulpianus is therefore a different man, and there is no other evidence except such as would point to an earlier date—e.g., Suidas, who places Athenaeus under M. Aurelius. As to Lucian, we know nothing certain of his dates; but the treatise *Quomodo Historia sit conscribenda*, written after 165, is not the work of a very young man, and the *Apologia* speaks of his extreme old age. Now, if he was forty years old in 165, he would be only seventy-five if he lived to 200 A.D., and might well have lived longer. This is certainly plausible, and the chronology of Greek literature is far from being definitely settled; but the weak point is that Lucian may have been much more than forty in 165.

The new edition of Madvig's *Opuscula* (Copenhagen: Gyldeudel) will be heartily welcomed by students of Latin. The two volumes, in which they were originally published, have long been scarce and costly; and, although much of the teaching which they contain has found its way into the current textbooks during the half-century or more which has passed since the first collection of them, no

one can afford to neglect the masterly discussions on which it was based. The additions in the present edition are not numerous or very important. They consist of an occasional footnote, and of some *miscellanea critica* reprinted from the *Philologus*, the *Neue Jahrbücher*, and the preface to Madvig's fourth edition (1858) of select speeches of Cicero. But there are complete indexes; and, according to an excellent practice, which ought to be made imperative on publishers, the pages of the earlier edition are given in the margin. A capital portrait has been prefixed, which will make the benignant features of the veteran scholar familiar to many to whom he has hitherto been only a name.

#### DR. SWEET'S LECTURES ON PHONETICS.

In his fifth lecture at Oxford on "Phonetics," Dr. Sweet described the formation of the stopped and nasal consonants, treated of the acoustic qualities of the consonants, and of the relations between vowels and consonants, showing that for every vowel articulation there is a corresponding consonant articulation. He then went on to analyse the general modifications of which consonants are capable, of which the most important are front-modification (palatalisation) and rounding (labialising), drawing his illustrations mainly from Russian.

In his sixth lecture Dr. Sweet passed on to the synthesis of sounds. He began by defining force or stress, and showed how the sense of unity and separation was dependent on it. He then went on to describe the glides, or sounds produced in the transition from one fixed configuration to another, under the two heads of vowel-glides and consonant-glides, dwelling especially on the various forms of aspiration, and the varieties of stopped consonants.

In his seventh lecture Dr. Sweet treated of syllable-division, consonant-doubling, and other phenomena dependent on stress or force. He then went on to speak of intonation, and gave illustrations of the use of the simple rising and falling and the two compound tones from colloquial English; and, lastly, he pointed out the distinction between the English sentence-tones and the word-tones of Greek and Sanskrit, which are still preserved in the Scandinavian languages.

In his eighth and last lecture Dr. Sweet completed his revision of the vowels, and then went on to describe some abnormal sounds, especially those formed without expiration, such as the suction-stops, or "clicks," of the South African languages. He then pointed out the general principles which determine the "organic basis" of any one language, and finally gave a sketch of the sound-systems of French and German.

#### OBITUARY.

PROF. T. S. HUMPIDGE, PH.D., B.SC.

THE chemical world will learn with regret of the loss of Prof. Humpidge, of the University College of Wales, who died at his residence at Aberystwyth on Wednesday, November 30, at the early age of thirty-four.

Dr. Humpidge was a Gloucester man, and in early life had little prospect of a professional career. Leaving the Crypt Grammar School at fourteen, he entered a corn-merchant's office, where he remained seven years. But while in that position he was so successful at the evening science classes in connexion with the Science and Art Department (gaining, among other distinctions, the silver medal for geology) that the department offered him facilities for taking a chemical course at South Kensington under Prof. Frankland. Here he published his first investigation, entitled "The Coal-Gas of the

Metropolis," which showed such promise that in 1875 Prof. Frankland recommended him for one of the Jodrell scholarships. About the same time he took the second place in honours and an exhibition in chemistry at the London University Intermediate Science examination. He continued his studies at Heidelberg under Bunsen, and while there he and W. Burney carried out an elaborate research on "Yttrium and Erbium." He also received there the degree of Ph.D., *summa cum laude*.

As a teacher Dr. Humpidge was very successful—both at the De Fellenberg Institute, near Berne, where he held the appointment of science master, and at Aberystwyth, where he occupied the chair of chemistry for eight years. His students, both past and present, speak of him with respect; and he succeeded in gaining not only their confidence but their love. He was most assiduous in his duties, and completely wrapt up in the success and work of his college and students. He also translated and edited for the advantage of his pupils Kolbe's *Inorganic Chemistry*, which has now become one of our recognised text-books, and is just entering on a second edition.

While thus carrying out to the utmost the heavy duties of his chair, he did not, however, neglect scientific research, but spent most of his leisure time at this his favourite pursuit. It was under such conditions that he carried out the investigations into the atomic weight of beryllium, the results of which were from time to time laid before the Royal Society. He attacked this question from the two points of view of the specific heat of the metal and the vapour densities of the chloride and bromide. His researches showed, among other things, that the specific heat of beryllium, like those of carbon, boron, and silicon, only agrees with Dulong and Petit's rule at high temperatures, and did much towards fixing the atomic weight of beryllium as 9.1.

He also planned, and partly prepared, the materials for carrying out the re-determination of the specific heats of many of the metals; but both materials and apparatus perished in the fire which destroyed the college in the summer vacation of 1885. Soon after the fire Dr. Humpidge's health began to fail, and in the summer of 1886 acute nervous prostration necessitated a complete cessation from work. A year's rest, spent partly in the South of Europe and partly on the Cotswold Hills, seemed to have done much towards his recovery, and he returned to Aberystwyth last August with the intention of resuming work. But a relapse set in, and this intention had to be abandoned. Still he busied himself with the plans of the new college; and much of the arrangement and convenience of the new laboratory will be due to his experience and careful thought. Early in November he became much worse, and shortly took to his bed, from which he never rose again. His illness was, there is little doubt, due to the effect of the fire on a constitution already weakened by long-continued and close application, together with the extra strain (at the expense of his entire vacation) entailed by the arranging of temporary premises in which to carry on the work of the science department.

His body was interred in Llangorwen churchyard (near Aberystwyth) on December 3, the whole of the staff and students of the college attending as a token of the esteem and respect in which he was held by them. His loss is deeply felt among both his scientific and private friends, and much sympathy is felt with his wife and two children thus early bereaved.

L. T. T.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INITIAL POINT OF THE CHÊDI OR KULACHURI ERA.

Göttingen: Nov. 28, 1887.

In the Central Provinces of India there are found a large number of inscriptions which have reference to the Chêdi rulers of Tripuri, Ratnapur, and other places. A few of them have been edited by Dr. F. E. Hall; a list of the Ratnapur inscriptions was given as early as 1825, by Mr. (afterwards Sir) R. Jenkins; and the contents of most of them have been referred to in the volumes of the *Archaeological Survey of India*. Many are dated in years sometimes called Chêdi-samvat, or Kulachuri-samvatsara, which, on historical and palaeographical grounds, cannot be referred to the Vikrama, or to the S'aka Era; and it was Dr. Hall who first suggested that they should be referred to an unknown era, the initial point of which must be sought somewhere near the middle of the third century (A.D.). Afterwards, Sir A. Cunningham stated that the dates of these inscriptions referred "to a period close to A.D. 249 as the initial point of the Kulachuri, or Chêdi, Samvat"; and the same scholar subsequently, in his *Indian Eras*, felt satisfied that A.D. 249 = 0, and 250 = 1, is "the true starting-point of the Chêdi era."

Having prepared for publication editions of several of the Ratnapur inscriptions, I have for some time suspected the conclusion, thus arrived at by Sir A. Cunningham, to be slightly erroneous. At present, an examination of all the years from A.D. 201 to A.D. 275, by means of excellent tables, which have been constructed by Prof. Jacobi, of Kiel, and placed at my disposal before publication, enables me to state with confidence that the only equation which yields correct weekdays for the ten known Chêdi inscriptions in which the weekday is mentioned, is

A.D. 248 = 0, AND A.D. 249 = CHÊDI-SAMVAT 1.

Starting from this equation, I have obtained the following results:

1. A Benares copper-plate inscription, according to the *Archaeological Survey of India*, vol. ix., p. 82, is dated: Samvat 793 Phalguna ba. di. 9 Sômê, i.e. on a Monday. The corresponding English date is Monday, January 18, 1042.
2. The Ratnapur inscription of Jajalladêva is dated: Samvat 866 Mârgha su. di. 9 Ravau, i.e. on a Sunday. The corresponding English date is Sunday, November 8, 1114.
3. The Râjîm inscription of Jagapâta is dated: Kulachurisamvatsarê 896 Mâghê mäsî s'ukla-pakshê rathâstamyâm Budha-dinê, i.e. on a Wednesday. The corresponding English date is Wednesday, January 3, 1145.
4. The Sêorinarâyan inscription, according to Sir A. Cunningham, is dated: 898 Âs'vina su. di. 2, on a Monday. The corresponding English date is Monday, September 9, 1146.
5. The Bhêra Ghât inscription of Alhanadêvi is dated: Samvat 907 Mârgha su. di. 11 Ravau, i.e. on a Sunday. The corresponding English date is Sunday, November 9, 1155.
6. Another Bhêra Ghât inscription, according to Sir A. Cunningham, is dated: 928 Mâgha ba. di. 10, on a Monday. The corresponding English date is Monday, December 27, 1176.
7. A Sahaspur inscription, according to the *Archaeological Survey of India*, vol. xvii., p. 43, is dated: Samvat 934 Kârttika su. di. 15 Budhê, i.e. on a Wednesday. The corresponding English date is Wednesday, October 13, 1182.

While in the preceding inscriptions the figure for the year denotes the current year, in the following the figure for the year denotes, as so often is the case in Indian inscriptions, the years elapsed:

8. A Têwâr inscription, according to Sir A. Cunningham, is dated: 902 Âshâdha su. di. 1,



on a Sunday. The corresponding English date is Sunday, June 17, 1151.

9. The Bharhut inscription, according to the *Archæological Survey of India*, vol. ix., p. 94, is dated: Samvat 909 Śrāvana su. di. 5 Budhē, i.e. on a Wednesday. The corresponding English date is Wednesday, July 2, 1158.

10. The Têwâr inscription of Narasimhadêva is dated: 928 Śrāvana su. di. 6 Ravau Hastê, i.e. on a Sunday, the moon being in the asterism Hastâ. The corresponding English date is Sunday, July 3, 1177, on which day the moon was in the asterism Hastâ, as required.

In conclusion, I would only add that the calculation of the dates under (1) and (6) proves the Chêdi year to have been an ordinary northern year, i.e. a year in which the dark fortnight precedes the bright fortnight of the month.

F. KIELHORN.

#### A HEBREW NICKNAME.

Owens College, Manchester: Nov. 23, 1887.

In Nehemiah x. 20, we find נִינִי among the list of those who sealed the covenant. In 1 Chronicles xxiv. 15, we also read of a נִינִי. Noeldeke is probably right in regarding the punctuation with "Sere" as a euphemism, and in suggesting that the correct reading should be נִינִי, "swine."

How are we to account for the existence of such a name among the Hebrews? Is it a proof of totemism? May it not be explained by what the Arabs call Tanfir? We find in Lane's Lexicon, s.v. *Nafara* II.:

"Give thou to him a Lagat, a nickname that is disliked, as though they held such nicknames a means of scaring away the jinn and the evil eye. An Arab of the desert said, 'When I was born, it was said to my father Nafir 'Anhu, so he named me Qunfudh (נִינִי), hedge-hog.'"

L. M. SIMMONS.

#### "WESTERN ASIA IN THE ASSYRIAN INSCRIPTIONS."

Louvain: Dec. 4, 1887.

It is but a few days ago that my attention was called, for the first time, to the remarks in the ACADEMY of March 20, 1886, on my short treatise, entitled *L'Asie occidentale dans les inscriptions assyriennes*. The reviewer asserts that I have "adopted a tone of superiority towards [my] predecessors which is not justified by actual fact."

Allow me, sir, to oppose to this criticism the very statement with which I begin my *exposé* of Assyrian geography:

"We specially take advantage of the works of Messrs. Fried. Delitzsch and Eb. Schrader, which on many points complete previous researches and open new horizons; but we freely discuss their results, and concerning some questions we are the first to pronounce ourselves."

"The sincere homage rendered to the exceptional merit of Fried. Delitzsch and Eb. Schrader reconciles itself perfectly in our mind with the admiration we have ever felt for the labourers of the first hour, those lucky pioneers, who have cut the ways and planted immutable stakes on every domain of Assyriology. We here appraise works which, if well analysed, are an outcome of Messrs. Oppert and Rawlinson's discoveries. These two savants have gathered in a rich harvest from the field of Assyriology. Their disciples have gleaned after them, and, by collecting ear after ear, they have still formed goodly sheaves."

This, sir, and no other has been my attitude in the incriminated work. I dare hope that you will be obliging enough to insert this letter in your esteemed journal. If my request comes at a late hour, it is owing to the fact that I have but recently come back from a foreign country, where, for the past two years, I have not had the pleasure of reading the ACADEMY.

A. DELATRE.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. J. D. DANA is to be congratulated on having accomplished at his age a journey to the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of re-investigating their volcanic phenomena. The journey extended over ten weeks, and involved upwards of 10,000 miles of travel. When engaged with the Wilkes exploring expedition, in 1840, he visited these islands, and has ever since taken great interest in the phenomena of their volcanoes. His recent mission was to examine afresh the great lava-lake of Kilauea; to study the rocks of its crater; and to compare the Wilkes map with the present outlines. The first results of this journey have been published in the November number of the *American Journal of Science*, and further details will appear in succeeding issues.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Classical Review* for December (David Nutt) contains two articles connected with recent correspondence in the ACADEMY—a review of Mr. Gomme's *Romano-British Remains*, by F. Haverfield; and one of Reitzenstein's *Verriane's Forschungen*, by Prof. Nettleship.

Correction.—In Mr. J. Cook Wilson's letter on "Recent Emendations of the Aristotelian Text," in the ACADEMY of last week, in page 375, col. 3, line 48, after ἀληθούς insert the words "in the second place"; and in page 376, col. 2, line 2, for "this" read "the."

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 21.)

SIR T. WADE, president, in the chair.—The secretary, Prof. Rhys Davids, read an abstract of a paper by Dr. Edkins, of Peking, on "Foreign Elements in Early Japanese Mythology," in which it was argued (1) that there were distinct traces of fire worship and other Persian ideas in Ancient Chinese History, and that the Japanese in borrowing from China had also adopted Persian ideas. Quotations were given from the legends of Izanagi and Izanami, and other myths, and the conclusion drawn that the Persian elements in Japanese religion were (1) that the dual principle is made the basis of the universe; (2) that many powerful spirits were formed before the physical universe; (3) that things were created in the same order; (4) that the Japanese Yadders Amaterasu is a form of the Persian Mith-ras; (5) that the great angels ruling the wind, fire, earth, water, wood, &c., resemble the Persian; (6) the purification ceremonies; (7) the dedication of white horses in their sun temple.—Mr. Satow did not think that the evidence adduced justified the conclusions arrived at. In order to argue as to the sources of Japanese belief, it would be necessary to go to older documents than those quoted from. That white horses were sacrificed was evidence rather of their having been thought precious than of Persian influence; and that they were offered not only to the sun-god, but to other gods. Purification played an important part not only in the Persian, but also in other forms of faith.—Mr. F. V. Dickens, Mr. Bouverie Pusey, and Mr. Freeland continued the discussion, which was summed up by the president.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, November 25.)

DR. E. JOHNSON in the chair.—Dr. Furnivall announced the purchase by the Committee of 250 copies of Mr. Fotheringham's book on Browning's poetry, a copy of which each member would receive in the ensuing week. In view of the recent death of Mr. Alfred Domett, who was the hero of the poem "Waring," whose grand head members had so frequently seen at the society's meetings and entertainments, Dr. Furnivall proposed a vote of sympathy from the society to his widow and family, which was unanimously carried.—The chairman then introduced Prof. P. A.

Barnett, of Sheffield, who read a paper on "Browning's Jews in Comparison with Shakspeare's Jew." The paper began by insisting that the rendering of universal truths is the greatest thing that the poets of each age can do. Homer has given us fighting heroes in an age of fighting; Shakspeare has given us romantic heroes in an age of romance; and so Browning renders for us the best thought of our age. These poets are great, not because of the properties with which they work, but often in spite of them. Shakspeare was great for all time in spite of antiquarian inaccuracy; Browning, the Shakspeare of our time, is great in range and depth of thought in spite of the encyclopaedias. What does it matter whence Shakspeare gets his Lear, his Macbeth, his Hamlet? To all time they are very people who have lived and moved. And so with Browning's work—the tragedy of Andrea del Sarto's life is a tragedy for every age. This age of criticism in which the poet lives has failed to affect his work or limit his scope. Both poets have been attracted by the interesting problem of Jewish consciousness, of that exclusive tribal life maintained in spite of environing society. Some of Browning's Jews, as Rabbi Ben Ezra, deal with nothing specially Jewish, but with higher consciousness common to all noble minds. The Jews, however, of "Filippo Baldinucci" and "Holy Cross Day" are real persons, and Browning deals with their souls as Jewish souls at particular crises. So with Shakspeare's Shylock. The histories of Lear, Hamlet, and Macbeth, are histories concerning the human soul; that of Shylock is the history of the Jewish problem at a special period, not the Middle Ages, but later, when Christianity was becoming more human and less brutal. The two poets are alike in historical synchronism. Both indicate honestly the fact of persecution. Antonio grossly insults Shylock without shame, for the opinion of all Venice is at his back. "Holy Cross Day" shows the opinion of all Florence quite as strongly. In both, too, the persecutors show a strong desire to convert the Jews—first rob them and then convert them, for the Christian persecutor had but a small acquaintance with Christ. In both cases, too, the Jews were usurers, for Venice and Florence had what Jews they deserved. In both cases, too, the persecutors were Pagans of the least pleasant type. Both Shakspeare and Browning admit kin-affection in the Jews, and allow them high general morality, probably due to their isolation in an actively criticising society, while the low tone of current Christian morality struck Shakspeare, and made the irony of the social complication a feature in his drama. In both, again, the Jews are patient and courteous. The distinctive note of Browning is that he has penetrated the national consciousness of the Jews; and this is due to his time, for he is a Christian and religious, not a romantic poet. Both are commended for their accuracy in small matters, and yet both show inaccuracies in their acquaintance with Jewish customs; but in both the external matters little, the higher gift makes no error. In "Holy Cross Day," the self-respecting pride of the Jews is well indicated, that consciousness of being reserved for higher things—that incompleteness and perpetual hope of the Messiah, so that "they lived in life and not in act, at watch and ward." Then their contempt for the jumble of Pagan and Christian art which their persecutors delight in—the Madonnas and saints among the heathen rout of gods and satyrs—is expressed. And is it not true that art destroys religion; and that, in proportion as a special religious attitude becomes familiarised by artistic expression, it loses its significance? Who that sees a picture of hell can continue to believe in it?—Dr. Johnson thanked Mr. Barnett for a paper certainly one of the most thoughtful ever read to the society.—Dr. Furnivall asked why art was destructive of religion?—Dr. Berdoe reminded members that the title High Priest used in "Filippo Baldinucci," was an anachronism, as it has been out of use since the destruction of the Temple.—Mr. Revell was much interested in the remark about the destroying power of art, and thought it probable that dramatic forms of art might hasten the decay of some religious beliefs.—Mr. Coleridge contended that realistic imagery has kept religion alive in the hearts of the uneducated.—Miss Whitehead instanced the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau,

as an instance that dramatic art does not necessarily destroy religion.—Mr. Slater suggested that there are two classes of minds—one supported religiously by art, the other diverted from religion by art.—Prof. Barnett replied to the members who had discussed his paper that he was aware that the Jews were not entirely blameless of persecution themselves, as they had joined the Pagans in oppressing the early Christians. The oriental religious sense in its highest developments had considered that all sensuous representations of the Divine Being were wrong, and calculated to destroy the most spiritual conceptions of his existence.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, November, 30.)

J. HAYNES, treasurer, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Mackenzie Bell on "The Literary Characteristics of Crabbe and Beckford." The paper formulated a theory that Crabbe, though writing in verse, had few of the higher attributes of the poet as we now understood them, though doubtless, judged from an eighteenth-century standpoint, he did not fall short even in this respect; while Beckford, though writing little verse, was by virtue of his marvellous imagination a great poet. A poet possessed in some degree, however small, genuine imagination and passion—Crabbe possessed neither of these qualities in a high degree, therefore he should not properly be regarded as a poet of high rank; but he had one great quality which would ever keep his name in remembrance, and it was even possible that he was not sufficiently consulted in days when the actual conditions of life among the poor in our rural districts was receiving such close attention and exciting such controversy. The poems which he devoted to the conventional poetic themes of the eighteenth century were worthless, or nearly so. The verses in which he treated of what he saw around him had every attribute of value except the highest poetic quality. In support of his views, Mr. Mackenzie Bell read a passage from "The Library," and then to show Crabbe's extraordinary power of minute description, a long passage from the "Parish Register." In the second half of the paper the reader contended that Beckford was a great poet, though his claim to that title rested mainly on his prose poem *Vathek*. Crabbe had little imagination, and merely described what he saw. Beckford, full of imagination, was an idealist, and by the aid of his imagination conjured up a wonderful romance which almost appeared a narrative of real events, so strong was its hold on the mind. Numerous illustrative extracts from *Vathek* closed the paper.—In a discussion which ensued, Mr. J. W. Bone maintained that however considerable might be the genius evinced by Beckford in *Vathek*, yet its pages were so defiled by the description of abominable things and by defective moral purpose that its perusal produced repulsion.—Col. J. L. Hartley held that the author set out with a moral purpose, though he allowed himself great latitude in working it out.—Mr. F. Shum gave some interesting details regarding Beckford's collections first at Fonthill and subsequently at Bath; and said that Beckford had not only possessed books, but had read them, as shown by marginal remarks.—Mr. Hobbes followed with further information touching Beckford's relics, and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, after in some measure combating Mr. Bone's view's, pointed out indications in *Vathek* of Beckford's derivation of ideas from Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Goldsmith, and even Bunyan.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromes, and Otopraphs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

*The Saône: a Summer Voyage.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Seeley.)

THIS book, with its hundred and forty-eight illustrations, most of which are from the wonderfully vivid pen of Mr. Joseph Pennell,

and its clear and faithful chronicle by Mr. Hamerton, commemorates a remarkable, if not very eventful, voyage on the Saône—a river probably less known to Englishmen than the Nile. It is remarkable, because the enterprise was one which would have scarcely occurred to any but an Englishman, and could only have been performed successfully by one well acquainted with France and Frenchmen. A certain power of organisation, a love of scenery and a love of art, a love also of boating and quiet and meditation, seem other indispensable requisites for such a voyage; and, though these are all possessed by Mr. Hamerton, even he could scarcely have enjoyed it without well-chosen companions. And yet it is not probable that many persons will be induced by his example to spend weeks in a *berichon*, pursuing the mazes and canals of the Upper Saône at the tail of a steamer or a donkey.

These are reasons why we should be all the more grateful to Mr. Hamerton and Mr. Pennell for giving us so many glimpses of a land (or water) of interest and beauty which few of us will ever be able to explore for ourselves. The deliberate progress of the *Boussemroum* (a long narrow barge on which Mr. Hamerton erected a series of deck tents for living and sleeping) is at least sufficiently reflected in the series of letters which he addressed at irregular intervals to his friend and publisher Mr. Richmond Seeley—letters doubtless delightful to receive, on account of their frankness and simplicity, their clear record of daily difficulties and achievements, their reflections, philosophical and social, their painter-like and sometimes poetical descriptions of scenery, and their occasional incidents of relative importance, such as their temporary arrest as spies at Pont-tailier, and their narrow escape from the same fate at Verdun. The jealousy of the military authorities in France as to the operations of artists in the vicinity of fortifications is reasonable enough, and has been well known in England since the days of Hogarth; but it is a little surprising to find that even landscape sketching within a *myriamètre* of a French fortress may subject an artist to arrest, and that Mr. Pennell had to give up the notion of sketching near Lyons. When we remember that Mr. Hamerton's party included himself (a well-known Englishman long domiciled in France), an American artist, and an officer in the French army, the suspicion with which their movements were watched is even more extraordinary.

Mr. Pennell's remarkable dexterity in drawing in pen and ink has never been more fully exhibited than in his drawings of the Saône. With an artist's eye for the selection of those "bits" which are natural compositions, he also has a sure sense of the capacity of his tools and materials. His merest sketch has at least the germ of a picture, and he does not try to depict anything which is not within the compass of a definite black line. Nevertheless, within these limits his range of expression is great. He usually leaves the sky blank, but he is quite able to express the power of sunshine, and give softness to its darkest and most defined shadows, as in "On the Quay at Tournus" (p. 250); he can distinguish accurately between many varieties of wall or roof surface, as in "The Church of

St. John Le Losne" (p. 166); he can "tint" by means of pen touches with almost as much gradation as though he washed with colour, as in "The Church at Rupt" (facing p. 102); he can suggest the colour and lightness of innumerable leafage, as in "On the Canal, near Savoyeux" (facing p. 116); and in such little finely finished vignettes as those that adorn pp. 178-80 we have a perfect suggestion of the mysterious shades of evening. It is, however, perhaps in his "Towers of Tournus" (facing p. 236) that we have the most triumphant example of his power in black and white—a drawing masterly alike in what it includes and in what it omits, uniting much suggestiveness with perfect clearness of statement.

Mr. Hamerton makes us so intimately acquainted with the merits and eccentricities of his *patron* and his pilot, of Franki the donkey-boy and Zoulou the donkey, that we share his feeling of regret when the voyage in the *berichon* comes to an end, and he leaves the captain and the artist to pursue his travels on the Lower Saône, with his son and nephew, in his own catamaran. Perhaps it may be a great convenience to be able to sleep and eat on board your vessel, but you certainly see a little more of humanity if you have to seek occasionally for board and lodging. So, at least to the reader, the loss of his former companions has compensation in the pleasant glimpses we get of host and hostess and riverside inns which consoled the crew of the *Avar* for contrary winds and hard towing. Pleasant is the picture of the hostelry kept by the fisherman, surnamed "the Pope," at Port d'Arciat; and inviting the description of the *matelote* which they ordered for dinner. This part of the volume also includes a description of Chalon and one of Tournus, with its memories of Greuze, and is perhaps more generally entertaining, if less special in its interest, than the log of the *Boussemroum*.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATERCOLOURS.

DAINTY, delicate, pretty—neither daring great things, nor ever very lamentably failing—such, taken as a whole, is the art of the Water-Colour Society. It is an art in which imagination holds comparatively little place. Few of these pictures bear evident signs of being the expression, in colour and form, of some strong definite feeling, or have power to produce an analogous feeling in the spectator. As we go round the walls of the gallery, recognising in work after work each old friendly familiar style, we come across many admirable transcripts of nature—of nature for the most part in her gentler moods—and much pleasurable and deft brush-work, and we are greeted almost everywhere with a tone of refinement and easy grace. But anything that should come to us as a direct message from nature's heart or man's experience, we do not get.

This, however, is a kind of churlish carping, against the undue indulgence in which the critic should be specially careful; for he too, perchance, has his art, and would like to build up his word-pictures, and quote his Victor Hugo's "Orientales," and Browning's "Easter Day," in illustration of such works, for instance, as Mr. Goodwin's "Gate of Zoar" (198), where the black solid cloud mass looms horrible over Sodom, or Mr. Brewtall's "Uttermost Parts of the Sea" (5),



with its one tree all wind-vexed and tortured, and its desolation of water and sunset. But he temptation to weigh unduly on pictures hat lend themselves to verbal description is one that the writer ought obviously to resist. Rather should he dwell gratefully upon what the gallery offers to us of charming and delightful. Here are Mr. George Fripp's "Study in October" (44) and "View from Ardchattan" (50), which are perfect in their golden tone. Here is a most delicately graded piece of chalk down in Mr. Alfred Fripp's "Arishmell" (170). Here are studies of places in which Mr. Alfred Hunt has been so often before—"Whitby" and "Robin Hood's Bay"—studies that remind one of Turner by their scheme of light and shade, and of which I prefer the "Robin Hood's Bays" (163), especially; for in the confusion of "Whitby," Mr. Hunt seems sometimes to find it difficult to keep his sense of atmosphere. As to Mr. Goodwin, he appears to have been everywhere—to English cathedral cities, to Bath, to Switzerland, and, possibly, to Zoar. "The Bristol" (347), with its bow of a vessel for frame, is a beautiful dainty sketch. So is the "Old Bridge, Lucerne" (211). Indeed, if we might "hint a fault," without, most certainly, "hesitating dislike," it would be that the "Rochester" (298) becomes almost unreal through over-refinement.

But how attempt to enumerate here every one of the 368 works in the gallery that deserve recognition? "J'en passe et des meilleurs," as de Silva says in "Hernani." One would like to linger over the works of old favourites such as Mr. Powell and Miss Montalba, and many another. One would like also to say a word of Mr. Hopkins's "Old Market Cross" (239), a pretty piece of silvery colour; and Mr. Beavis's "Outside the Fortifications at Calais" (305), and Mr. Waterlow's "Cottage Home" (17), and Mr. H. Moore's glowing "Sunny Afternoon" (41), and Mr. Herbert Marshall's smaller sketches of seaside picturesqueness, and Mr. Brewtall's varied contributions, of which 210 and 350 are specially noticeable. Mr. Hale, too, has some interesting "impressionist" qualities that might be discussed with advantage. And Mr. Charles Robertson's careful and elaborate "Lawn Tennis" (112) suggests one or two points as to the use of garden flowers in landscape. There is a freshness in Mr. Eyre Walker's work—see specially the "Summer Morning" (283) and "Vale of Meifod" (185)—which is very pleasant; and in the work of Mr. Allan a certain distinctive gravity and weightiness that show curiously beside the airier brushwork of his peers. His "Queen's Jubilee" (69) seems to me over-charged in colour; but, save for one awkward blot of foliage, "On the Seine" (77), with its line of clipped French trees and great reach of river, is very satisfactory.

The society scarcely shows very strong this year in its figure pictures. Mr. Marks, however, does his duty as a valiant Academician should, and his "Secretary" (183) is a sturdy piece of work. Mrs. Allingham charms us as usual, and almost of course. "East and West" (174)—a young mother sitting on the shore reading a letter from far away, a distant ship carrying her thoughts thither, an ayah and a child—you can fill up the story as you like; but in doing so remember to note how well the ayah's dress fits into the general scheme of the picture. As to Mr. Marsh, one can at least say for him that he is evidently filled with a praiseworthy desire to avoid that besetment of English art which consists in making the lower classes look pretty. "Daddy" (107) is a real sailor, and his wife a real sailor's wife—which is more than can well be said of the young lady in Mr. Hopkins's "Son of Neptune" (49). Oh, for an English

Millet to bring home to us by what stern labour and sweat of brow man wrings his living from hard mother earth!

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ROMAN INSCRIBED AND SCULPTURED STONES.

South Shields: Nov. 25, 1887.

Those readers of the ACADEMY who are students of Latin epigraphy will be interested in hearing that the Roman inscribed and sculptured stones (*Lapid. Sept.* 83, 84, 85, 88, 89, 91, 102, 103 and 200; *C. I. L.* vii., 558, 559, 559a, 574, 573, 572 and 661c)—the most important from Milking Gap Mill Castle, the others from Halton Chesters (*Hunnum*), and hitherto preserved at Matfen Hall—have been most generously presented to the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle. They form an important addition to the already large collection belonging to the society.

ROBT. BLAIR.

## NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A NEED has long been felt for a periodical which should deal adequately with the higher branches of archaeological research in a scientific spirit, and with constant reference to the progress of archaeological scholarship in this country, on the Continent, and in America. This need will, it is hoped, be met by the issue of a new monthly review edited by Mr. G. Lawrence Gomme, and published by Mr. David Nutt. The review will be divided into sections, devoted respectively to Anthropology, Archaeology, History, and Literature. While mainly concerned to further these studies by the publication of original articles appealing at once to the specialist and to all readers of general culture, the editor will also endeavour to make the review a record and index of antiquarian research in all parts of the world. The first number will, it is hoped, be ready early next year.

It is so rarely that any of the notable pre-Raphaelite pictures come into the market that it may be interesting to note that the famous "Ophelia," of Sir John Millais, painted in 1852, is now for sale, at the gallery of Messrs. Agnew's, Bond Street.

MR. ANDREW MACCALLUM has now on view at his studies, 47 Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill—Smirke's old house—four pictures of Burnham Beeches in the four seasons of the year, of which "Golden October" and "Grey November" are very striking productions. All the ferns and foliage are done with the palette-knife, heavy masses of paint, sharp edged and sharp pointed, being laid on the flat brush background. By this method the foreground stands out in relief, and a depth of shadow, variety of surface, and richness of effect are attained which are impossible to the brush alone. The November picture is a solemn and poetic one. Sombre leafless trees are set against a crimson and golden sunset sky. The dark boles are strongly and finely wrought; the deeply shadowed turf rightly and dimly lighted. The scene grows on you and takes possession of you as you gaze at it.

THE Hogarth Club is about to remove to more commodious premises at 36, Dover Street, W.; and, in order to preserve its individuality as an artists' club, it has been decided to admit one hundred additional artists without entrance fee.

## THE STAGE.

### STAGE NOTES.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE has resumed, at the Opera Comique, the powerful performance of Lena Despard in "As in a Looking-glass," which was interrupted in the late summer.

At the Haymarket Theatre, under the new régime, the grass is by no means suffered to grow under the manager's feet. When "The Red Lamp" and "The Ballad-monger" are withdrawn, Mr. Buchanan's piece—now in an advanced stage of rehearsal—will be produced. It is, indeed, practically ready. As soon as it shall cease to attract, "The Pompadour" play (by Mr. Wills and Mr. Sydney Grundy) will take its place; and a play by another esteemed writer will—it is already arranged—succeed in due time to that. Meanwhile, people who have not seen the present spectacle should hasten to do so. We criticised the "Red Lamp" at length when it was first brought out. The freshest feature in the performance is the impersonation of the Princess Mourakoff by Mrs. Tree. The author affords almost no opportunity for the study of the Princess as a character; but the circumstances of the story compel her to be torn by conflicting emotions, and of these emotions Mrs. Tree has made herself—not wholly without reference to French methods—a really competent and powerful exponent. For our own part, however—skilled as the actress has become in what are doubtless accounted the great moments of the piece—we like Mrs. Tree best for her capacity of endowing the character, such as it is, with naturalness and dignity at all moments. She says the simplest things with meaning and thoughtfulness; she gives interest to a simple gesture or a position of rest. The part is not only the most trying that she has yet performed: it is unquestionably, also, her greatest success. The "Red Lamp" affords occasion for interesting acting; but, in "The Ballad-monger," we are allowed the opportunity of seeing a piece which is not only good stagecraft but excellent literature. It is written—that is, the original French by M. de Banville is written—with singular force and point; and the translation, by Mr. Bessant and Mr. Pollock, is in the best spirit of the original. As regards the acting, Miss Marion Terry is by no means unskilled, even though she may not be very moving as the heroine. Mr. Brookfield is very effective as Louis XI.; but some portion of his effectiveness—the effectiveness, for instance, of his easy cynical "asides"—he has learnt apparently from Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Gringoire, the starving ballad-monger, the wandering poet, is as picturesque as wild, as much a creature of the Middle Ages as it is possible to be. His recitation of the ballad of "The Orchard of the King" is admirable. He declaims to perfection. The drawbacks to the performance—if it is worth while to name them—are that once or twice, when Mr. Tree would do well to address Louis or Louis' god-daughter individually, he still declaims a little; and that here and there the piece seems to demand Gringoire's quiescence where it gets only his restlessness. Even these things, however, are things which it is possible to contest, and we should be among the first to allow the general excellence of Mr. Tree's creation. It is a performance eminently worth seeing.

THE Kendals have come back to the St. James's with a further representation of "Lady Clancarty."

As a second edition of "Miss Esmeralda" is coming out at the Gaiety on Boxing-day—and as the piece will therefore continue to be played throughout the holidays in the afternoon, while a yet more amazing new extravaganza will hold

the evening bill—it is worth while to draw attention now to the exceeding smartness—spectacular, rather than literary—of the performance. History, upon the stage, does not exactly repeat itself, and the success of "Monte Cristo, Junior," is not precisely matched by the success of "Miss Esmeralda." Still, here we are in those dull weeks just before Christmas, which are notoriously unfavourable to theatrical commerce; and here, still with us, and destined to remain, is "Miss Esmeralda." Mr. Lonnen contributes the comic element to the piece, and he does as much for it in this direction as any one actor can possibly do. His quaint activity is indeed admirable. Miss Marion Hood acts pleasantly and sings with real charm. She is a blonde heroine, in dove-colour and white. Miss Letty Lind dances with extreme agility and some grace. As to colour, she—a blonde lady also—is a very satisfactory "arrangement" in pink and grey. We are bound to smile to ourselves, and to treat the thing as a spectacle. At the Gaiety it is not dramatic (but that which passes for) criticism that is wanted, and so we shall venture to comment on the presence of charming "notes" in red, and of engaging "symphonies" in gold and sunny green. As the ballets are danced in long and full and flexible skirts, they are—we feel sure—the delight of the truly cultivated.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## AN EXPLANATION.

London: Dec. 6, 1887.

In the ACADEMY of December 3 is a notice of "By the Sea," and the paragraph is a scarcely veiled innuendo that Dr. Aveling was indebted to Mr. Wedmore for his adaptation.

The facts are these. Remembering the extreme baldness of Mr. Wedmore's translation, I suggested that another version might be attempted which should strive to retain something of the charm and poetry of Theuriet's work. This was seven or eight years after I acted in "The Farm by the Sea." I never saw the whole of Mr. Wedmore's MS. My own part I at once returned after playing in the piece. Of the whole of Mr. Wedmore's translation I only remember three lines: two at the end of one of the verses of the ballad, and the final line ("Il ne reviendra plus"), rendered respectively thus by Mr. Wedmore and Dr. Aveling:

"But Saint Azenor, she comes too late  
To save from sea, to save from fate."

WEDMORE.

"Wings of the blessed saint are heard  
Across the sea like some sea bird."

AVELING.

"He will never come back any more."

WEDMORE.

"He will never come back again."

AVELING.

Not a line, not a suggestion, not one word of Mr. Wedmore's translation was ever seen or heard by Dr. Aveling; and, so far as my memory serves me, there is absolutely nothing in common between the two adaptations save their common origin.

ELEANOR MARX AVELING.

[We understand that the question of Dr. Aveling's indebtedness to Mr. Wedmore in this matter has been made the subject of a communication to Dr. Aveling from Mr. Wedmore's solicitors.—ED. ACADEMY.]

## MUSIC.

## RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. F. C. COWEN'S "Ruth" was given, for the first time in London, at the second "Novello" Concert on Thursday, December 1. It is often said that the Bible is an exhausted mine, and that, for oratorio purposes, composers must turn to the lives of the saints or to secular subjects. The same story can, however, be used more than once. Everything depends on the mode of treatment. Mr. J. Bennett, in arranging the pastoral tale of "Ruth," has entered into the spirit of the day, and given it dramatic form. But why, as in his book of the "Rose of Sharon," spoil the effect by an epilogue pointing to future times when a "branch" is to spring from the root of the son of Naomi? It spoils the unity of a very good book, and, musically, the last chorus is an anti-climax. The score is full of the composer's happiest thoughts; and, throughout, everything is expressed in a smooth and natural manner. The famous answer of Ruth to her mother, the scene between Boaz and Ruth at the end of the first part, Boaz's air in the second part, and the duet between Ruth and Boaz in the fourth scene are all admirable. For simple utterance, pleasing expression, and agreement of word and tone these portions will compare favourably with anything previously written by Mr. Cowen. The dance of gleaners, with chorus of reapers, is particularly characteristic of the composer. But there is something more than simplicity and charm. In the choruses "The Lord hath done great things" and "Praise Him, call upon His name," there is vigour, striking effects of contrast, and contrapuntal skill of a high order. We have already mentioned one drawback to the work—the epilogue. And we are inclined to think the composer might have presented some numbers in more condensed form. In other words, the picturesque story would surely have been set off to greater advantage in a Cantata, rather than an Oratorio, frame. The performance under the composer's direction was, on the whole, an excellent one. Of the solo vocalists, M<sup>rs</sup>. Albani and Mr. E. Lloyd carried off the chief honours. The contralto music was sung somewhat coldly by Miss Hope Glenn; and Mr. Watkin Mills interpreted the bass part in an efficient, if not always sympathetic, manner.

Herr Heckmann and party commenced a short series of chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on Thursday, December 1. The programme contained a novelty by Beethoven. How is it that the *Grande fugue, tantôt libre, tantôt recherchée* for strings (Op. 133) has never been performed at the Popular Concerts, and, so far as we can ascertain, never before in London at all? Well, Mr. Chappell has so many works of Beethoven which act as magnets to draw the public—such as the "Rasoumofski" Quartettes, the "Kreutzer," or the "Moonlight" Sonata—that it probably never occurred to him to select a piece with which Beethoven was not fully satisfied. He was not exactly the kind of man to be led by public opinion; and yet Herr Nottebohm assures us that the composer, dissatisfied with the reception given to it when performed as the Finale to the B flat Quartette (Op. 133) at Vienna in 1826, withdrew it, and wrote the movement which now concludes the work. And for this he must have had his reasons. The resemblance between the theme on which this fugue is built and the opening theme of the great Quartette in A minor cannot escape notice. In fact, in a sketch-book of the year 1824, sketches for this fugue are found lying side by side with sketches for the first movement of this A minor Quartette. The fugue is an extraordinary piece of music, full of clever devices and daring effects; but there is such an evident

sense of labour, and the combinations are at times so harsh, that the result is more curious than pleasing. Some of the wildest passages sound like a debate of demons in Pandemonium. There is a charming episode in 2-4 time which forms a welcome contrast to the wild confusion of the rest of the music. Herr Heckmann deserves the thanks of the musical public for this opportunity of hearing the fugue. It is by no means easy to play; but the leader and his associates, Herren Forberg, Allecotte, and Bellmann, had evidently rehearsed it with the utmost care; and, for neatness and precision, the performance left nothing to desire. The programme included Beethoven's B flat Quartette (Op. 130), Haydn's in C (Op. 33, No. 3), two movements from Dittersdorf's Quartette in E flat, and Brahms' new Sonata in A for piano and violin, played with much taste and finish by M<sup>rs</sup>. Haas and Herr Heckmann.

Signor Alberto Geloso gave a correct but tame rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. Mr. G. A. Clinton played with admirable tone and taste a Concerto for clarinet by Julius Rietz, the friend and adherent of Mendelssohn. The Concerto, good in form and style, bears traces of his friend's influence. The programme included a Symphony in E flat by Haydn, one of a set of six composed in 1786 for the *Loge Olympique* at Paris. It was given with due effect under Mr. Manns' direction. The Crystal Palace choir was heard to great advantage in Ravenscroft's clever madrigal, "In the Merry Spring," which was encored.

Much quiet but good work is being done in and around London by various choral and orchestral societies. Those that do not become weary of well-doing may one day shine as stars of the first magnitude in the musical firmament. The Westminster Orchestral Society, now in its third season, gave a concert at the Westminster Town Hall on Wednesday evening last. The band is composed chiefly of amateurs, and the painstaking conductor is Mr. C. S. Macpherson. The playing was creditable. The conductor succeeded by a note in the programme-book in doing what the most eminent conductors have failed to accomplish. In the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, played with spirit by Miss L. Riley, the break between the first and second movements was not interrupted by applause. M<sup>rs</sup>. Frickenhau gave some showy pianoforte solos. The society deserves encouragement in its aims and efforts.

M<sup>rs</sup>. Adelina Patti made her farewell appearance previous to her departure for America at Mr. Kuhe's evening concert at the Albert Hall on Tuesday, December 6. The gifted prima donna was in excellent voice, and was rapturously encored after her two last songs. M<sup>rs</sup>. Trebelli, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, added to the evening's pleasure. Miss Kuhe played two movements from a Concerto by Hiller. The hall was very full.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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